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FITZGERALD'S SIX DRAMAS
OF CALDERON EDITED
BY H. OELSNER M.A. PH.D

CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

SIX DRAMAS OF CALDERON FREELY TRANSLATED BY EDWARD FITZGERALD EDITED BY H. OELSNER M.A. Ph.D

LONDON: CHATTO AND WINDUS
BOSTON: JOHN W. LUCE AND COMPANY . PUBLISHERS 1906

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. . . Bird of to-day, thy songs are stale
To his, my singer of all weathers,
My Calderon, my nightingale,
My Arab soul in Spanish feathers.

J. R. Lowell.

PREFACE

The Writer of the Plays, and his Position among Spanish Dramatists.—"I suppose Calderon was over-praised some twenty years ago: for the last twenty it has been the fashion to under-praise him, I am sure. His Drama may not be the finest in the world. One sees how often, too, he wrote in the fashion of his time and country: but he is a wonderful fellow: one of the Great Men of the world." Thus Edward FitzGerald in a letter to his friend, W. B. Donne, bearing the date, August 10, 1852. Many will agree with this estimate, and will regret that, after the lapse of fifty years, it is still, in many quarters, "the fashion to under-praise him."

In Spain, as in other countries, the drama had its origin in religion, and we still possess the fragments of a medieval mystery play—that of the *Reyes Magos*. Alfonso's laws prove the existence of liturgical dramas performed at the great church festivals. He, and

after him the chroniclers, reprove the gradual introduction into these of buffoonery and secular elements. These elements went to the making of a secular drama, and, towards the end of the 15th century, the *iuegos de escarnios* came to be performed in the public square. The *Celestina* of Fernando de Rojas (*ca.* 1492), an extraordinary dialogue, dealing with the loose morals of the day, half novel, half play, but never intended for the stage, undoubtedly hastened the development of these secular plays.[1] Juan del Encina (*ca.* 1469–1534), with his short *eglogas*, in which peasants were introduced, Torres Naharro (*Propaladia*, Naples, 1517), who produced his *comedias a noticia* and *a fantasia* at Rome, the Portuguese Gil Vicente (1470–1540), and Lucas Fernández, pave the way for Lope de Rueda (fl. *ca.* 1540–1566), who was regarded by Cervantes and others as the real father of the Spanish drama. He excelled in the *paso* or *estremes*, a fascinating little type of play, dealing with some scene of contem-

[1] The modern tendency to depict the lower *strata* of society, so interesting to the student of realism in literature and art, may be said to have received its first full development in Spain —with the *Celestina*, the *picaresque* novels, the *entremeses*, and paintings such as the street-scenes and beggar-boys of Velásquez and Murillo. The phenomenon is clearly to be explained as a reaction against the excessive cult of religion and courtly elegance.

porary manners. In the second half of the 16th century, Juan de la Cueva, Cervantes (whose *entremeses* are little masterpieces), Bermúdez, de Virués, and Argensola, greatly widened the scope of the drama, adding among other themes those taken from the national history. By the time the 17th century is reached, the dramas have come to be divided into three acts (*jornadas*), while the metre employed for the greater part of each play is that of the national ballads—*redondillas* of seven or eight syllables, forming assonance or rhyming *abba*, or, more rarely, *abba acca*.[1] Plays dealing with religious subjects are sharply divided into the *comedias divinas*, played on the regular stage; and the *autos*, or liturgical plays,[2] the direct descendants of the medieval drama, reserved for the festivals of the Church —the *autos al nacimiento* for Christmas, and the *autos sacramentales* for Corpus Christi.[3] The secular

[1] Readers of the plays in this volume must bear in mind that the originals contain no prose whatever.

[2] This distinction is often missed. Even so earnest a student as Longfellow thought that Calderón's *Devoción de la Cruz* was an *auto* (see *The Devotional Poetry of Spain*).

[3] While so many countries derive their drama from religious ceremonies, it was reserved for Spain, ever loyal to her Catholic traditions, to go on perfecting these ceremonial religious plays till the end of the 17th century.

drama consisted (besides the short *entremeses*, *pasos*, *saynetes*, *bailes*, and *zarzuelas*) of the *comedias*, a title used indifferently for comic and tragic pieces. While the *comedia de capa y espada*, the "cloak and sword play," dealt with contemporary middle-class life, and required no elaborate scenery, the *comedia de teatro*, or *de ruido*, took its heroes and heroines from royal or princely houses, and was staged with proportionate splendour. Except for the Valencian playwrights, headed by Guillén de Castro (1569–1631), who showed a certain independence, all the poets of the golden age of the Spanish drama must be grouped round the figure of Lope de Vega (1562–1635), Spain's greatest dramatist, and one of the most astounding writers of all time—truly a "prodigy of nature." Leaving aside the consideration of his non-dramatic works (a huge mass of literature in themselves), and of his shorter pieces for the stage, he wrote some 1,500 plays, about a third of which have come down to us; and though he rarely attained perfection of form, save in single scenes, or at most in single acts, yet his work as a whole reaches a high level of artistic excellence. His rapid and admirable powers of invention, the infinite resources of his wit, and his complete mastery over every form of verse, have

probably never been surpassed. He gathered up the threads of his predecessors, seized on all the possibilities they had but dimly conceived, perfected their intrigue, improved their characterisation, drew on the whole stock of themes they had used, besides adding to it largely himself, introduced as a regular character the *gracioso* (or "funny man"), developed the point of honour and other peculiarly Spanish features; in short, he perfected the Spanish National Drama. Lope did for Spain what Shakespeare did for England. Like Shakespeare, too, he had contemporaries of rare excellence, chief among them, Tirso de Molina and Juan Ruiz de Alarcón; but, unlike Shakespeare, he was followed by a writer of plays who was a greater *poet* than himself. As Lope is undoubtedly Spain's greatest playwright, so Calderón is her greatest dramatic *poet*—the greatest of her poets who wrote for the stage.

Pedro Calderón de la Barca was born at Madrid, of noble family, on January 17, 1600. He received his schooling from the Jesuits, and finished his studies at Salamanca. He is said to have written his first play at the age of thirteen, which may or may not be true; but a piece of his was certainly acted at Madrid in 1622. He then spent the greater part of the years

Much the same criticism applies to the two great symbolical dramas which stand apart—*La Vida es Sueño* and *El Mágico Prodigioso*. Here, too, Calderón shows himself to have been a thinker; not by any means so great a thinker as some critics would have us suppose, but yet the greatest thinker among the Spanish dramatists. The other plays have been classified over and over again, and I refer my readers to these lists.[1] None of them can ever be quite satisfactory, as several of the classes and pieces necessarily overlap. Our volume contains only one of the really "great" plays, the *Alcalde de Zalamea*, but the others (with a single exception, as I think) are all representative of our author's genius. If not a collection of gems, it is all the more characteristic on that account. Beautiful, and often great, poetry will be found in well-nigh all the plays that Calderón wrote—his wonderful imagination rarely failed him. For most of the outward equipment of his craft he is indebted to Lope, whom he never surpasses, but often equals. The construction of his plots is excellent, the characterisation (save in a few notable cases, such as Crespo) less distinguished. He is admirable in sustained passages of the loftiest passion; nor is he

[1] See note 1 on the next page.

deficient in the lighter qualities of wit and humour. Finally, Calderón must be credited with a larger number of finished masterpieces than his great rival, the very exuberance of whose genius prevented him from filing any of his longer works.[1]

Calderón in England till 1853.[2]—During the poet's lifetime three [3] of his plays appear to have

[1] Besides the books mentioned in the text see Count A. F. von Schack, *Gesch. der dramat. Lit. u. Kunst in Spanien*, Berlin, 1845–1846 (*Nachträge*, 1854); F. W. V. Schmidt, *Die Schauspiele Calderon's dargestellt u. erläutert*, Elberfeld, 1857; E. Günther, *Calderon u. seine Werke*, Freiburg i. B., 1888; Menéndez y Pelayo, *Calderón y su teatro*, Madrid, 1881, and *Calderón, Teatro selecto . . . precidido de un estudio critico*, Madrid, 1881; *Biografia de D. P. Calderon de la Barca* by Felipe Picatoste y Rodriguez, with valuable *Notas, Illustraciones y Documentos*, in the *Homenage á Calderon*, Madrid, 1881 (pp. 7–61). The best editions of Calderón's secular plays are those of Keil, 4 vols., Leipsique, 1827–1830, and Hartzenbusch, 4 vols., Madrid, 1848–1850; the latter being the more complete and critical. The *autos* were collected by Apontes in 6 vols., Madrid, 1759–1760.

[2] This subject has been treated by M'Carthy (1853) and Trench (1856). The present sketch will be found to contain a number of new facts. Space permits of my including, as a general rule, only complete translations and books devoted entirely to our poet. For an account of the review and magazine articles, which often give excellent specimens from the plays, the reader is referred to M'Carthy and to Poole's *Index*.

[3] The number would be four if the attribution of *Los Empeños de seis horas* to Calderón were correct. On this play is based Tuke's amusing *Adventures of Five Hours* (1663) which, as Dr.

been adapted for the English stage, all of them the work of George Digby, second Earl of Bristol. Only one is extant[1]—*Elvira*, or *The Worst not always True*, published in 1667, and taken from *No siempre lo Peor es Cierto*. This piece, which is, of course, written in blank verse, appears to have enjoyed considerable popularity, and was several times reprinted ; but well-nigh all the charm of the original has disappeared. When the sources of the English Drama have been fully explored, it will, in all probability, be found

Ward points out, was held by Pepys to be the "best for the variety, and the most excellent continuance of the plot to the very end, that ever I saw or think ever shall" ; and compared with which *Othello* appeared to him "a mean thing," though he "ever heretofore esteemed [it] a mighty good play." However, the comedy is *not* by Calderón, and though Ticknor should have known this, as it was pointed out by Vera Tassis in 1681, Tuke may be pardoned for his error in the preface to the 3rd ed. of his play (1671) : " . . . certainly the plot needs no apology ; it was taken out of Don Pedro Calderon, a celebrated Spanish author, the nation of the world who are the happiest in the force and delicacy of their inventions, and recommended to me by his sacred Majesty, as an excellent design . . . . I take the boldness to sign my opinion that this is incomparably the best plot that I have met with. . . ."

[1] The existence of the other two may be inferred from the following entry in Downes' *Roscius Anglicanus* (1708), p. 26 : "'*Tis Better than it Was. Worse and Worse* : These two comedies were made out of *Spanish* by the Earl of *Bristol*." The originals would seem to be Calderón's *Mejor está que estaba* and *Peor está que estaba*.

that Calderón supplies the ground-work, direct or indirect, for many a play written in this country between the years 1650 and 1800. Even now the researches of Dr. Ward and others enable us to connect with our poet Dryden's *Mock Astrologer* and *An Evening's Love* (through the French of Thomas Corneille) ; Wycherley's *Gentleman Dancing Master* ; Killigrew's *Parson's Wedding* (through D'Ouville's *L'Esprit follet*, which is *La Dama Duende*). Other borrowings from Calderón were detected by Isaac Bickerstaffe in the preface to his *'Tis well it's no Worse*, a comedy in five acts and in prose, published in 1770, "as it is performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane by his Majesty's servants" ; the direct source of which, Ronquit's *La Cloison*, is translated from one of Calderón's most delightful pieces.[1] Bickerstaffe's version underwent a

[1] "The original of the Play, now laid before the public, is called *El Escondido y la Tapada*, *The Hidden Man and the Veil'd Woman* ; and is counted the master-piece of the most famous among the Spanish Dramatic Poets, Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca ; who, through Molière, Corneille, Le Sage, Boissy, &c., has provided Vanbrugh, Centlivre, Cibber, and Steel, with *The Mistake*, *The False Friend*, *The Wonder*, *The Busy Body*, *The Kind Impostor*, *The Lady's Philosophy* and *The Lying Lover*, all English comedies, which have been received upon the stage with the warmest marks of approbation." I leave this mine to be worked by others. For *The Wonder* see FitzGerald's foot-note on p. 286, and my observations at the close of the volume.

further process of adaptation at the hands of J. P. Kemble, who published it in 1789 as "an entertainment of three acts" (again in prose). By a curious coincidence the two volumes of Thomas Holcroft's *Theatrical Recorder* (1805[1] and 1806) contain prose renderings, by his daughter Fanny, of the two plays of Calderón which are lost in the Earl of Bristol's version. Here they are called *Fortune Mends* and *From Bad to Worse*. Lope de Vega's biographer, Lord Holland, followed[2] with free prose translations of *La Dama Duende* ("The Fairy Lady") and *Nadie fie su Secreto* ("Keep your own Secret"), the latter of which was selected by FitzGerald, too, though he was certainly not acquainted with the previous attempt. About this time the influence of the German romantic school and their followers began to make itself felt in England, and the works of the Schlegels, of Bouterwek, of Sismondi were translated (1815–1823).

[1] The volume for 1805 has, besides, an account of Calderón based on Vera Tassis, as also "a beautifully embellished head (by H. Thompson, R.A.)." The source of this portrait is the well-known picture (probably by Cano) from which our frontispiece, too, is derived. The lower part of Thompson's design is occupied by a masked gallant and a lady, evidently intended to represent the cloak and sword play in general.

[2] *Three Comedies translated from the Spanish* (1807). The third play is A. de Solis' *Un bobo hace ciento* ("One fool makes many").

It is now generally agreed that their estimate of Calderón was uncritical in its passionate enthusiasm. Yet their influence made for good, seeing that it is better for a great poet to be thought too much of than not to be thought of at all. An article in the *Quarterly* (April, 1821) and Shelley's superb translation of *Scenes from Calderon*[1] are directly traceable to the impulse from Germany. There can be no doubt that these *Scenes* have done more for the Spaniard's fame in England than all the efforts we have so far considered, and still have to consider, combined. It is equally certain that they merit this distinction. An anonymous translation of Raupach's blank-verse tragedy, *Die Tochter der Luft* (written in 1827), a poor work by a poor poet, based on the two parts of Calderón's *Hija del*

[1] They are, of course, taken from the *Mágico Prodigioso*, which play attracted him because of its "striking similarity" with Goethe's *Faust* (letter of April, 1822). To this similarity, by the way, Calderón's enormous popularity in Germany, to the present day, must be largely attributed. Shelley's references to our poet in his letters are always enthusiastic: "I have been reading Calderon in Spanish — a kind of Shakespeare is this Calderon" (Aug. 1819). "Some of them [Calderón's plays] certainly deserve to be ranked among the grandest and most perfect productions of the human mind. He exceeds all modern dramatists, with the exception of Shakespeare, whom he resembles, however, in the depth and thought and subtlety of imagination of his writings, and in the rare power of interweaving delicate and powerful comic traits with the most tragical

Aire, appeared in London in 1831, under the title of *The Daughter of Air: A mystic Tragedy, in Five Acts, after the Idea of P. Calderon.* In the preface the extent of Raupach's indebtedness to Calderón is fully discussed. A thoughtful essay by George Henry Lewes, *The Spanish Drama: Lope de Vega and Calderon* (1846), came just in time to readjust the balance. While allowing Calderón's greatness as a poet he refused him the title of a great thinker; moreover, he took up the cudgels on behalf of Lope, who had been sorely neglected. A complete translation (in blank verse) of the *Mágico* by a certain J. H.[1] appeared in 1848. It has some merit, but lacks fire. In the following year Ticknor, in his great *History of Spanish Literature*, of course devoted considerable space to our poet. The chapters

situations without diminishing their interest. I rate him far above Beaumont and Fletcher" (Sept. 1819). In November of the same year he writes that ". . . some of the ideal dramas of Calderon (with which I have lately, and with inexpressible wonder and delight, become acquainted) are perpetually tempting me to throw over their perfect and glowing forms the grey veil of my own words."

[1] The identity of this translator has not been established. He can hardly be M'Carthy, as the British Museum Catalogue and the *Dict. of Nat. Biog.* assert, seeing that, in the Introduction (p. xxiii.) to his versions published in 1853, M'Carthy speaks somewhat slightingly of J. H.'s performance.

in question are admirable in many ways, but are, perhaps, more open to criticism than any other portion of the work.

The Translator of the Plays.—In 1850 FitzGerald wrote to F. Tennyson: "I have begun to nibble at Spanish"; and three years later the Six Dramas of Calderon were published. He was then 44 years of age. He was born in Suffolk, and spent most of his life in that county, devoted to books, art and music, to yachting, and to his friends. At King Edward VI.'s school, in Bury St. Edmund's, he had formed close friendships with J. Spedding, W. B. Donne and J. M. Kemble; and while at Trinity College, Cambridge, his circle included Thackeray and Thompson (subsequently Master of the College). The three Tennysons and Carlyle were friends of later date. These and other eminent men, and eminent women, too, delighted in FitzGerald's society; to these and others he addressed letters of great charm, which have, since their appearance (1889–1901), revealed to the great public, who only knew his works, a singularly winning personality. A prose dialogue on youth (*Euphranor*, 1851); a "collection of Wise Saws and Modern

Instances," with a preface on proverbs and aphorisms (*Polonius*, 1852); and the *Readings from Crabbe*,[1] with an introduction (1882), are three books of considerable interest. But it is as a translator that FitzGerald will go down to posterity. In addition to the Spanish plays with which we are mainly concerned, he rendered "freely," into exquisite English, the *Downfall and Death of King Œdipus* (a Drama in Two Parts chiefly taken from the *Œdipus Tyrannus* and *Coloneus* of Sophocles), the *Agamemnon* (a Tragedy taken from Æschylus), and several works from the Persian, chief among them the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám (1st ed., 1859; 4th ed., 1879). This rendering, which constitutes FitzGerald's chief title to immortality, was eulogised by Tennyson as the "golden Eastern lay—

> Than which I know no version done
> In English more divinely well;
> A planet equal to the sun
> Which cast it, that large infidel,
> Your Omar . . . ."

There can be no question that the translations

[1] Crabbe was one of FitzGerald's favourite poets; and his grandson, the Rev. G. Crabbe, one of his most intimate friends. It was while on a visit to the latter, at Merton Rectory, Norfolk, that FitzGerald died (June 14, 1883).

from Calderón and Omar have permanently enriched English literature; and for both of them English literature is indebted, in the first instance, to Professor Cowell, who opened these new vistas to his friend. Needless to say, the letters contain several generous acknowledgments of this debt.[1]

FitzGerald was making a bold experiment, and, though obviously satisfied with his performance, he did not disguise his anxiety as to the judgment that might be passed on it by others. Writing to Mrs. Cowell before the publication of the plays (on April 4, 1853), he says that his "Translation would be so free as to be rather a dangerous Experiment. But I think you can hardly make Calderon interesting to

[1] See, for example, the one to C. E. Norton (January 18, 1882): "I forget if I told you in my last of my surprising communication with the Spanish Ambassador who sent me the Calderon medal [struck to commemorate the bi-centenary of the poet's death], I doubt not at Mr. Lowell's instance. But I think I must have told you. Cowell came over to me here on Monday: he, to whom a Medal is far more due than to me; always reading and teaching, Calderon at Cambridge now (as he did to me thirty years ago), in spite of all his Sanskrit Duties."—Since these pages were set up lovers of literature have incurred a grave loss in the death of Professor Cowell —a man in whom the best English scholarship was united to the humanity of genuine culture. His article on Calderón, in the *Westminster Review* of January, 1851, was the first adequate appreciation of the poet in this country.

English Readers unless with a large latitude of interpretation." And after the book had appeared, he asked his friends for their verdict, and was greatly relieved when it was favourable.[1] The reviewers, on the other hand, "did not take the trouble to understand his object," as Mr. W. Aldis Wright (FitzGerald's friend and literary executor) tersely puts it. Writing to G. Crabbe on September 12, 1853, the chagrined translator refers to an unfavourable criti-

[1] "I am very glad you like the plays and am encouraged to hope that other persons who are not biassed by pedantic prejudices or spites might like them too. But I fully expect that (as I told you, I think) the London press, etc., will either sink them, or condemn them on too free a principle: and all the more if they have not read the originals. For these are safe courses to adopt. And all this while I am assuming the plays are well done in their way, which of course I do. On the other hand, they really may not be as well done as I think; on their own principle: and that would really be a fair ground of condemnation" [Letter to G. Grabbe, July 22, 1853].—"Though I believed the Calderon to be on the whole well done and entertaining, I began to wish to be told it was so by others, for fear I had made a total mistake: which would have been a bore. And the very free and easy translation lies open to such easy condemnation, unless it be successful" [Letter to W. F. Pollock, July 25, 1853].—"Though I of course thought the Translations well done (or I should not have printed them), I naturally desired the approval of a competent Judge; since the best of us may make sad mistakes in the estimation of our own handiwork; and it is not pleasant to dubb oneself an Ass in print" [Letter to George Borrow, Aug. 3, 1853].

cism in the *Leader*, and to "a more determined spit at me" in the *Athenæum* of Sept. 10.[1] He goes on: "I told you how likely this was to be the case: and so am not surprized. One must take these chances if one will play at so doubtful a game. I believe those who read the Book, without troubling themselves whether it is a free Translation or not, like it: but Critics must be supposed to know all, and it is safe to condemn. On the other hand, the Translation may not be good on any ground: and then the Critics are all right."

I do not propose to criticise, where the translator's aim has been so completely achieved; nor to compare a translation with the original, where it was so obviously the translator's wish that no such comparison

[1] "We have not taken the trouble to compare these translations with the originals; holding it quite unnecessary to treat as a serious work a book whose author confesses that he . . . ." [here follow extracts from FitzGerald's "Advertisement"; which "Advertisement," by the way, should be carefully perused by every reader of the plays—see pp. 1 to 3 of the present volume]. This "spit" was made by no less a person than John Rutter Chorley, a Spanish scholar of real distinction, whose knowledge of, and love for, the Spanish Drama, has probably never been surpassed; and who was, for that very reason, unable to sympathise with FitzGerald's aims. These versions were intended for such Englishmen as did *not* happen to be Spanish scholars.

should ever be made. It will be more profitable to quote a further passage from the correspondence, in which FitzGerald gives full expression to his canons of translation [1]: "To come down rather a little from him [Scott], my Calderon, which you speak of—very many beside myself, with as much fair Dramatic spirit, knowledge of good English and English Verse, would do quite as well as you think I do, if they would not hamper themselves with Forms of Verse, and Thought, irreconcilable with English Language and English Ways of Thinking. I am persuaded that, to keep Life in the Work (as Drama must) the Translator (however inferior to his Original) must re-cast that original into his own Likeness, more or less: the less like his original, so much the worse: but still, the live Dog better than the dead Lion; in Drama, I say." [2]

[1] From a letter to Russell Lowell, dated December 19, 1878.

[2] Admirable articles on FitzGerald were contributed to the *Dict. of Nat. Biog.*, to Chambers's *Encycl.*, and to the new *Supplement* of the *Encycl. Brit.*, by Mr. W. Aldis Wright, Prof. Cowell and Mr. Edmund Gosse, respectively. There is a fuller biography by J. Glyde (1900), and a bibliography by Col. Prideaux (1901; for the plays from Calderón, see pp. 6–11 and 23–25). A complete edition of FitzGerald's works, including the several series of letters, is now in course of publication, under the supervision of Mr. Aldis Wright. Our plays, which will, of course, form part of this *édition de luxe*, have, since their

Calderón in England from 1853 till 1902.—The year 1853 was further marked by the *début* as a Calderón translator of the Dublin poet Denis Florence M'Carthy (1817–1882), who devoted the better part of his life to the cult of the Spaniard. Between 1853 and 1873 he published five volumes containing, in all, versions of fourteen of the plays.[1] They are marked by rare scholarship

first appearance in 1853, been once reprinted, with several slight alterations by FitzGerald, in the *Letters and Literary Remains*, which were published, after his death, in 1889 (these, too, edited by Mr. Aldis Wright). The text of the present edition scrupulously follows that of 1853, save in the case of obvious misprints. I desire to thank Mr. Aldis Wright and Messrs. Macmillan for their courtesy in allowing me to quote the foregoing extracts from FitzGerald's correspondence.

[1] In 1853 : *The Constant Prince*, *The Secret in Words*, *The Physician of his own Honour*, *Love after Death*, *The Purgatory of Saint Patrick*, *The Scarf and the Flower*; in 1861 : *Love the greatest Enchantment*, *The Sorceries of Sin* [an *auto*], *The Devotion of the Cross* [these three with the Spanish text] ; in 1867 : *Belshazzar's Feast* and *The Divine Philothea* [these *autos* are accompanied by English translations of essays on the *auto* by Lorinser and Pedroso] ; in 1870 : *The Two Lovers of Heaven* and *Chrysanthus and Daria* ; in 1873 : *The Wonder-Working Magician*, *Life is a Dream* and *The Purgatory of Saint Patrick* [rendered a second time]. M'Carthy's first set of versions called forth two masterly articles on Calderón by Chorley (*Athenæum*, Nov. 19th and 26th, 1853). See, too, an appreciation of M'Carthy's Calderón labours in the *Dublin Review*, new series, 1877, vol. xxix., pp. 94–119.

further process of adaptation at the hands of J. P. Kemble, who published it in 1789 as "an entertainment of three acts" (again in prose). By a curious coincidence the two volumes of Thomas Holcroft's *Theatrical Recorder* (1805[1] and 1806) contain prose renderings, by his daughter Fanny, of the two plays of Calderón which are lost in the Earl of Bristol's version. Here they are called *Fortune Mends* and *From Bad to Worse*. Lope de Vega's biographer, Lord Holland, followed[2] with free prose translations of *La Dama Duende* ("The Fairy Lady") and *Nadie fie su Secreto* ("Keep your own Secret"), the latter of which was selected by FitzGerald, too, though he was certainly not acquainted with the previous attempt. About this time the influence of the German romantic school and their followers began to make itself felt in England, and the works of the Schlegels, of Bouterwek, of Sismondi were translated (1815–1823).

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[2] *Three Comedies translated from the Spanish* (1807). The third play is A. de Solis' *Un bobo hace ciento* ("One fool makes many").

It is now generally agreed that their estimate of Calderón was uncritical in its passionate enthusiasm. Yet their influence made for good, seeing that it is better for a great poet to be thought too much of than not to be thought of at all. An article in the *Quarterly* (April, 1821) and Shelley's superb translation of *Scenes from Calderon*[1] are directly traceable to the impulse from Germany. There can be no doubt that these *Scenes* have done more for the Spaniard's fame in England than all the efforts we have so far considered, and still have to consider, combined. It is equally certain that they merit this distinction. An anonymous translation of Raupach's blank-verse tragedy, *Die Tochter der Luft* (written in 1827), a poor work by a poor poet, based on the two parts of Calderón's *Hija del*

[1] They are, of course, taken from the *Mágico Prodigioso*, which play attracted him because of its "striking similarity" with Goethe's *Faust* (letter of April, 1822). To this similarity, by the way, Calderón's enormous popularity in Germany, to the present day, must be largely attributed. Shelley's references to our poet in his letters are always enthusiastic: "I have been reading Calderon in Spanish — a kind of Shakespeare is this Calderon" (Aug. 1819). "Some of them [Calderón's plays] certainly deserve to be ranked among the grandest and most perfect productions of the human mind. He exceeds all modern dramatists, with the exception of Shakespeare, whom he resembles, however, in the depth and thought and subtlety of imagination of his writings, and in the rare power of interweaving delicate and powerful comic traits with the most tragical

Aire, appeared in London in 1831, under the title of *The Daughter of Air: A mystic Tragedy, in Five Acts, after the Idea of P. Calderon.* In the preface the extent of Raupach's indebtedness to Calderón is fully discussed. A thoughtful essay by George Henry Lewes, *The Spanish Drama: Lope de Vega and Calderon* (1846), came just in time to readjust the balance. While allowing Calderón's greatness as a poet he refused him the title of a great thinker; moreover, he took up the cudgels on behalf of Lope, who had been sorely neglected. A complete translation (in blank verse) of the *Mágico* by a certain J. H.[1] appeared in 1848. It has some merit, but lacks fire. In the following year Ticknor, in his great *History of Spanish Literature*, of course devoted considerable space to our poet. The chapters

situations without diminishing their interest. I rate him far above Beaumont and Fletcher" (Sept. 1819). In November of the same year he writes that ". . . some of the ideal dramas of Calderon (with which I have lately, and with inexpressible wonder and delight, become acquainted) are perpetually tempting me to throw over their perfect and glowing forms the grey veil of my own words."

[1] The identity of this translator has not been established. He can hardly be M'Carthy, as the British Museum Catalogue and the *Dict. of Nat. Biog.* assert, seeing that, in the Introduction (p. xxiii.) to his versions published in 1853, M'Carthy speaks somewhat slightingly of J. H.'s performance.

in question are admirable in many ways, but are, perhaps, more open to criticism than any other portion of the work.

The Translator of the Plays.—In 1850 FitzGerald wrote to F. Tennyson: "I have begun to nibble at Spanish"; and three years later the Six Dramas of Calderon were published. He was then 44 years of age. He was born in Suffolk, and spent most of his life in that county, devoted to books, art and music, to yachting, and to his friends. At King Edward VI.'s school, in Bury St. Edmund's, he had formed close friendships with J. Spedding, W. B. Donne and J. M. Kemble; and while at Trinity College, Cambridge, his circle included Thackeray and Thompson (subsequently Master of the College). The three Tennysons and Carlyle were friends of later date. These and other eminent men, and eminent women, too, delighted in FitzGerald's society; to these and others he addressed letters of great charm, which have, since their appearance (1889–1901), revealed to the great public, who only knew his works, a singularly winning personality. A prose dialogue on youth (*Euphranor*, 1851); a "collection of Wise Saws and Modern

Instances," with a preface on proverbs and aphorisms (*Polonius*, 1852); and the *Readings from Crabbe*,[1] with an introduction (1882), are three books of considerable interest. But it is as a translator that FitzGerald will go down to posterity. In addition to the Spanish plays with which we are mainly concerned, he rendered "freely," into exquisite English, the *Downfall and Death of King Œdipus* (a Drama in Two Parts chiefly taken from the *Œdipus Tyrannus* and *Coloneus* of Sophocles), the *Agamemnon* (a Tragedy taken from Æschylus), and several works from the Persian, chief among them the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám (1st ed., 1859; 4th ed., 1879). This rendering, which constitutes FitzGerald's chief title to immortality, was eulogised by Tennyson as the "golden Eastern lay—

> Than which I know no version done
> In English more divinely well;
> A planet equal to the sun
> Which cast it, that large infidel,
> Your Omar . . . ."

There can be no question that the translations

[1] Crabbe was one of FitzGerald's favourite poets; and his grandson, the Rev. G. Crabbe, one of his most intimate friends. It was while on a visit to the latter, at Merton Rectory, Norfolk, that FitzGerald died (June 14, 1883).

from Calderón and Omar have permanently enriched English literature; and for both of them English literature is indebted, in the first instance, to Professor Cowell, who opened these new vistas to his friend. Needless to say, the letters contain several generous acknowledgments of this debt.[1]

FitzGerald was making a bold experiment, and, though obviously satisfied with his performance, he did not disguise his anxiety as to the judgment that might be passed on it by others. Writing to Mrs. Cowell before the publication of the plays (on April 4, 1853), he says that his "Translation would be so free as to be rather a dangerous Experiment. But I think you can hardly make Calderon interesting to

[1] See, for example, the one to C. E. Norton (January 18, 1882): "I forget if I told you in my last of my surprising communication with the Spanish Ambassador who sent me the Calderon medal [struck to commemorate the bi-centenary of the poet's death], I doubt not at Mr. Lowell's instance. But I think I must have told you. Cowell came over to me here on Monday: he, to whom a Medal is far more due than to me; always reading and teaching, Calderon at Cambridge now (as he did to me thirty years ago), in spite of all his Sanskrit Duties."—Since these pages were set up lovers of literature have incurred a grave loss in the death of Professor Cowell —a man in whom the best English scholarship was united to the humanity of genuine culture. His article on Calderón, in the *Westminster Review* of January, 1851, was the first adequate appreciation of the poet in this country.

English Readers unless with a large latitude of interpretation." And after the book had appeared, he asked his friends for their verdict, and was greatly relieved when it was favourable.[1] The reviewers, on the other hand, "did not take the trouble to understand his object," as Mr. W. Aldis Wright (FitzGerald's friend and literary executor) tersely puts it. Writing to G. Crabbe on September 12, 1853, the chagrined translator refers to an unfavourable criti-

[1] "I am very glad you like the plays and am encouraged to hope that other persons who are not biassed by pedantic prejudices or spites might like them too. But I fully expect that (as I told you, I think) the London press, etc., will either sink them, or condemn them on too free a principle: and all the more if they have not read the originals. For these are safe courses to adopt. And all this while I am assuming the plays are well done in their way, which of course I do. On the other hand, they really may not be as well done as I think; on their own principle: and that would really be a fair ground of condemnation" [Letter to G. Grabbe, July 22, 1853].—"Though I believed the Calderon to be on the whole well done and entertaining, I began to wish to be told it was so by others, for fear I had made a total mistake: which would have been a bore. And the very free and easy translation lies open to such easy condemnation, unless it be successful" [Letter to W. F. Pollock, July 25, 1853].—"Though I of course thought the Translations well done (or I should not have printed them), I naturally desired the approval of a competent Judge; since the best of us may make sad mistakes in the estimation of our own handiwork; and it is not pleasant to dubb oneself an Ass in print" [Letter to George Borrow, Aug. 3, 1853].

cism in the *Leader*, and to "a more determined spit at me" in the *Athenæum* of Sept. 10.[1] He goes on: "I told you how likely this was to be the case: and so am not surprized. One must take these chances if one will play at so doubtful a game. I believe those who read the Book, without troubling themselves whether it is a free Translation or not, like it: but Critics must be supposed to know all, and it is safe to condemn. On the other hand, the Translation may not be good on any ground: and then the Critics are all right."

I do not propose to criticise, where the translator's aim has been so completely achieved; nor to compare a translation with the original, where it was so obviously the translator's wish that no such comparison

[1] "We have not taken the trouble to compare these translations with the originals; holding it quite unnecessary to treat as a serious work a book whose author confesses that he . . . ." [here follow extracts from FitzGerald's "Advertisement"; which "Advertisement," by the way, should be carefully perused by every reader of the plays—see pp. 1 to 3 of the present volume]. This "spit" was made by no less a person than John Rutter Chorley, a Spanish scholar of real distinction, whose knowledge of, and love for, the Spanish Drama, has probably never been surpassed; and who was, for that very reason, unable to sympathise with FitzGerald's aims. These versions were intended for such Englishmen as did *not* happen to be Spanish scholars.

should ever be made. It will be more profitable to quote a further passage from the correspondence, in which FitzGerald gives full expression to his canons of translation [1]: "To come down rather a little from him [Scott], my Calderon, which you speak of—very many beside myself, with as much fair Dramatic spirit, knowledge of good English and English Verse, would do quite as well as you think I do, if they would not hamper themselves with Forms of Verse, and Thought, irreconcilable with English Language and English Ways of Thinking. I am persuaded that, to keep Life in the Work (as Drama must) the Translator (however inferior to his Original) must re-cast that original into his own Likeness, more or less: the less like his original, so much the worse: but still, the live Dog better than the dead Lion; in Drama, I say." [2]

[1] From a letter to Russell Lowell, dated December 19, 1878.

[2] Admirable articles on FitzGerald were contributed to the *Dict. of Nat. Biog.*, to Chambers's *Encycl.*, and to the new *Supplement* of the *Encycl. Brit.*, by Mr. W. Aldis Wright, Prof. Cowell and Mr. Edmund Gosse, respectively. There is a fuller biography by J. Glyde (1900), and a bibliography by Col. Prideaux (1901; for the plays from Calderón, see pp. 6–11 and 23–25). A complete edition of FitzGerald's works, including the several series of letters, is now in course of publication, under the supervision of Mr. Aldis Wright. Our plays, which will, of course, form part of this *édition de luxe*, have, since their

Calderón in England from 1853 till 1902.—The year 1853 was further marked by the *début* as a Calderón translator of the Dublin poet Denis Florence M'Carthy (1817–1882), who devoted the better part of his life to the cult of the Spaniard. Between 1853 and 1873 he published five volumes containing, in all, versions of fourteen of the plays.[1] They are marked by rare scholarship

first appearance in 1853, been once reprinted, with several slight alterations by FitzGerald, in the *Letters and Literary Remains*, which were published, after his death, in 1889 (these, too, edited by Mr. Aldis Wright). The text of the present edition scrupulously follows that of 1853, save in the case of obvious misprints. I desire to thank Mr. Aldis Wright and Messrs. Macmillan for their courtesy in allowing me to quote the foregoing extracts from FitzGerald's correspondence.

[1] In 1853 : *The Constant Prince*, *The Secret in Words*, *The Physician of his own Honour*, *Love after Death*, *The Purgatory of Saint Patrick*, *The Scarf and the Flower*; in 1861 : *Love the greatest Enchantment*, *The Sorceries of Sin* [an *auto*], *The Devotion of the Cross* [these three with the Spanish text] ; in 1867 : *Belshazzar's Feast* and *The Divine Philothea* [these *autos* are accompanied by English translations of essays on the *auto* by Lorinser and Pedroso] ; in 1870 : *The Two Lovers of Heaven* and *Chrysanthus and Daria* ; in 1873 : *The Wonder-Working Magician*, *Life is a Dream* and *The Purgatory of Saint Patrick* [rendered a second time]. M'Carthy's first set of versions called forth two masterly articles on Calderón by Chorley (*Athenæum*, Nov. 19th and 26th, 1853). See, too, an appreciation of M'Carthy's Calderón labours in the *Dublin Review*, new series, 1877, vol. xxix., pp. 94–119.

and sincerity, by much poetical beauty, and by a scrupulous adherence to the letter and metre of the originals. It is undoubtedly this latter quality that has prevented their achieving any considerable measure of popularity—and deservedly so. It always has been, and always will be, a matter of controversy, as to how far translators of classical masterpieces should adhere to their originals in point of form; but it is safe to assert that the Spanish dramatists will never give enjoyment to foreigners save in versions which disregard the peculiarities of the Spanish dramatic metres. Still, M'Carthy is entitled to the warm admiration of all Calderonians; and no man more fully deserved the Calderón medal, which was, in 1881, duly awarded to him, as to FitzGerald. During the period of twenty years that cover M'Carthy's activity other champions of our poet were not idle. FitzGerald, who had occupied himself at intervals with *La Vida es Sueño* and *El Mágico Prodigioso*, was encouraged by Prof. Cowell, on his return from India in 1864, to put the finishing touches to his remarkable renderings of these plays (1865).[1] In 1856 Archbishop Trench published a

[1] *The Mighty Magician and Such Stuff as Dreams are made of. Freely translated from the Spanish by E. F.*—Mr. W. Aldis

notable essay on Calderón, together with specimens of translations from one of the plays and one of the *autos*.[1] It is scarcely too much praise to say that this paper is worthy to rank with Dean Church's essay on Dante, which had appeared some

Wright says: " . . . the reception it [the volume of 1853] met with at the hands of the reviewers . . . did not encourage him to repeat the experiment. He consequently never issued, except to his personal friends, the translations or adaptations of *La Vida es Sueño* and *El Mágico Prodigioso*. These translations never proposed to be close renderings of the originals. They were rather intended to produce, in one who could not read the language from which they were rendered, something of the same effect as is conveyed by the original to those familiar with it." (From the article on FitzGerald in the *Dict. of Nat. Biog.*)

[1] *Life's a Dream: The Great Theatre of the World.* From the Spanish of Calderon. With an Essay on his Life and Genius, by Richard Chenevix Trench. London, 1856. [A second edition, with slight alterations and a different title, appeared in 1880.] The following appreciation by Trench of FitzGerald's efforts is very valuable as criticism, especially when it is borne in mind that his principles of translation were diametrically opposed to those of his forerunner. He says that the *Six Dramas* " are far the most important and worthiest contribution to the knowledge of the Spanish poet which we have yet received. But, written as they are [ed. of 1880: are a very important contribution to the knowledge of the Spanish poet; written as they are] in English of an exquisite purity and vigour, and dealing with poetry in a poet's spirit, they yet suffer, as it seems to me, under serious drawbacks . . . [such as the use of blank verse]; but how little likely Calderon is to obtain a more gifted translator, and how much his modest choice of plays on which to exercise his skill, which are not

years previously. Both are written by Churchmen of wide sympathies and culture; and both aim at popularising a great poet. Dr. Garnett contributed a valuable article on the Spaniard to the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (vol. iv., 1876).[1] Miss Hasell's book on Calderón (1879; 2nd ed., 1898) is not of any great merit, and devotes excessive space to the analysis of a comparatively small number of the plays; however, she deserves credit for dealing in a spirit of enthusiasm and at considerable length with the *autos* and *comedias divinas*. In 1888 Mr. Norman MacColl

among his author's best, is to be regretted, I think the reader will own after a single quotation from this volume"—[here follows a passage which will be found on p. 29 of our edition].

[1] Dr. Garnett, himself a translator of rare gifts, deserves to be heard on the three foremost English translators of Calderon: "Shelley's version of some scenes of the *Wonder-Working Magician* is incomparably the best English interpretation, and no reproduction in our language will ever be perfectly successful that does not proceed upon his principle of intermingling blank verse with irregular lyrical metres. Mr. FitzGerald and Mr. D. F. M'Carthy, two excellent translators, have erred—the former by resorting to blank verse entirely, the latter by discarding it altogether. Mr. FitzGerald's version is too English, and Mr. M'Carthy's too Spanish; the peculiar delicacy of the assonant rhyme, which he has endeavoured to preserve throughout, is entirely imperceptible in our language. . . . There is perhaps no more congenial field for a writer of a poetical temperament than the translation of Calderon."

published an edition of four[1] of Calderón's masterpieces in the original, with full apparatus in the way of prolegomena and notes; the volume (which is dedicated to Robert Browning) is in all respects worthy of this admirable Spanish scholar. Two distinguished English historians of Spanish literature, Mr. H. Butler Clarke (1893) and Mr. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly (1898), dealt with Calderón in chapters that are well worth study, for both writers are masters of their theme.[2]

It only remains to add that on May 15, 1899, the Elizabethan Stage Society honoured Calderón, FitzGerald and themselves, by producing *Such Stuff as Dreams are made of.* The select public, and the

[1] *El Principe Constante*, *La Vida es Sueño*, *El Alcalde de Zalamea*, and *El Escondido y la Tapada*. This is the only *critical* edition of any of Calderón's plays that has appeared in England. The three plays published by M'Carthy in the original were merely reprinted from a Spanish edition. We may note that a *Teatro Español* was published at "Londres" in 1817–1821, the publishers being "T. Boosey e hijos." Vols. 2 and 3 of this selection, the sale of which in England could not have been large, are devoted to Calderón, ten of his plays being included. The introduction, in Spanish, is signed "A. A."—probably to be identified as Angel Anaya, a Spanish teacher in London, who wrote a few harmless books and pamphlets, including an "Essay on Spanish Literature" (London, 1818).

[2] Though the opinions of Mr. Kelly, incontestably one o the leading Spanish scholars of the day, are entitled to all respect and consideration, yet I have always felt that his section

dramatic critics, too, as a body, were duly appreciative. May this representation [1] be taken as an augury of better things to come? May we yet hope for an actor-manager, who, while not neglecting Shakespeare and the other great representatives of the British Drama, will realise that there is a great foreign Drama, too; that, when it has once been decided to go abroad for novelties, it were well to produce them in a reverent spirit, and better not to touch them at all than stage a travesty, say, of Goethe's *Faust*; that the Continent has produced many plays, which, if not of the calibre of *Faust*, are still great works, written by men of great genius; and that the *Misanthrope*, the *Alcalde de Zalamea* and *Kabale und Liebe*, to name but three of them, are not only great literary plays, but great *acting* plays as well.

February, 1903.

on Calderón, brilliant though it be, is marred by his evident partiality for Lope. This bias reappears in *Lope de Vega and the Spanish Drama*, the Taylorian Lecture for 1902, which, though dated 1902, was not published till the first week of 1903, and, unfortunately, did not reach me till this preface was written and set up. Save in this one particular, which appears to me a flaw, though it will no doubt be regarded by others as a virtue, the essay may be heartily recommended to all students of the Drama.

[1] A revival of the play is promised by the Society for May of the present year.

		PAGE
	ADVERTISEMENT	1
I	THE PAINTER OF HIS OWN DISHONOUR .	5
II	KEEP YOUR OWN SECRET . . .	107
III	GIL PEREZ, THE GALLICIAN . . .	185
IV	THREE JUDGMENTS AT A BLOW . .	255
V	THE MAYOR OF ZALAMEA . . .	337
VI	BEWARE OF SMOOTH WATER . .	407
	NOTES	487

ADVERTISEMENT

IN apologizing for the publication of so free translations of so famous a poet as Calderon, I must plead, first, that I have not meddled with any of his more famous plays ; not one of those on my list being mentioned with any praise, or included in any selection that I know of, except the homely Mayor of Zalamea. Four of these six indeed, as many others in Calderon, may be lookt on as a better kind of what we call melodramas. Such plays as the *Magico Prodigioso* and the *Vida es Sueño* (I cannot rank the *Principe Constante* among them) require another translator, and, I think, form of translation.

Secondly, I do not believe an exact translation of this poet can be very successful ; retaining so much that, whether real or dramatic Spanish passion, is still bombast to English ears, and confounds otherwise

distinct outlines of character ; Conceits that were a fashion of the day ; or idioms that, true and intelligible to one nation, check the current of sympathy in others to which they are unfamiliar ; violations of the probable, nay *possible*, that shock even healthy romantic licence ; repetitions of thoughts and images that Calderon used (and smiled at) as so much stage properties—so much, in short, that is not Calderon's own better self, but concession to private haste or public taste by one who so often relied upon some striking dramatic crisis for success with a not very accurate audience, and who, for whatever reason, was ever averse from any of his dramas being printed.

Choosing therefore such less famous plays as still seemed to me suited to English taste, and to that form of verse in which our dramatic passion prefers to run, I have, while faithfully trying to retain what was fine and efficient, sunk, reduced, altered, and replaced, much that seemed not ; simplified some perplexities, and curtailed or omitted scenes that seemed to mar the breadth of general effect, supplying such omissions by some lines of after-narrative ; and in some measure have tried to compensate for the fulness of sonorous Spanish, which Saxon English at

least must forego, by a compression which has its own charm to Saxon ears.

That this, if proper to be done at all, might be better done by others, I do not doubt. Nay, on looking back over these pages, I see where in some cases the Spanish individuality might better have been retained, and northern idiom spared; and doubtless there are many inaccuracies I am not yet aware of. But if these plays prove interesting to the English reader, I and he may be very sure that, whatever of Spain and Calderon be lost, there must be a good deal retained; and I think he should excuse the licence of my version till some other interests him as well at less expense of fidelity.

I hope my *Graciosos* will not be blamed for occasional anachronisms not uncharacteristic of their vocation.

THE PAINTER OF HIS OWN DISHONOUR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Federigo,	*Prince of Orsino.*
Celio,	*his Friend.*
Don Luis,	*Governor of Naples.*
Porcia,	*his Daughter.*
Alvaro,	*his Son.*
Fabio, Belardo, Julia,	*their Servants.*
Don Juan Roca.	
Serafina,	*his Wife.*
Don Pedro,	*his Father-in-law.*
Leonelo, Flora,	*their Servants.*

Maskers, Musicians, Sailors, &c.

THE PAINTER OF HIS OWN DISHONOUR

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Room in* DON LUIS' *palace at Naples.—Enter* DON LUIS *and* DON JUAN *meeting.*

LUIS. Once more, a thousand times once more, Don Juan,
Come to my heart.
Juan. And every fresh embrace
Rivet our ancient friendship faster yet!
Luis. Amen to that! Come, let me look at you—
Why, you seem well—
Juan. So well, so young, so nimble,
I will not try to say how well, so much
My words and your conception must fall short
Of my full satisfaction.
Luis. How glad am I
To have you back in Naples!
Juan. Ah, Don Luis,

Happier so much than when I last was here,
Nay, than I ever thought that I could be.

Luis. How so?

Juan. Why, when I came this way before,
I told you (do you not remember it?)
How teased I was by relatives and friends
To marry—little then disposed to love—
Marriage perhaps the last thing in my thoughts—
Liking to spend the spring time of my youth
In lonely study.

Luis. Ay, ay, I remember:
Nothing but books, books, books—still day and night
Nothing but books; or, fairly drowsed by them,
By way of respite to that melancholy,
The palette and the pencil—
In which you got to such a mastery
As smote the senseless canvas into life.
O, I remember all—not only, Juan,
When you were here, but I with you in Spain,
What fights we had about it!

Juan. So it was—
However, partly wearied, partly moved
By pity at my friends' anxieties,
Who press'd upon me what a shame it were
If such a title and estate as mine

Should lack a lineal inheritor,
At length I yielded—
Fanned from the embers of my later years
A passion which had slept in those of youth,
And took to wife my cousin Serafina,
The daughter of Don Pedro Castellano.

Luis. I know; you showed me when you last were here
The portrait of your wife that was to be,
And I congratulated you.

Juan. Well now
Still more congratulate me—as much more
As she is fairer than the miniature
We both enamoured of. At the first glance
I knew myself no more myself, but hers,
Another (and how much a happier !) man.

Luis. Had I the thousand tongues, and those of brass,
That Homer wished for, they should utter all
Congratulation. Witty too, I hear,
As beautiful ?

Juan. Yourself shall judge of all,
For even now my lady comes; awhile
To walk the Flora of your shores, and then
Over your seas float Venus-like away.

Luis. Not *that*, till she have graced our gardens long,
If once we get her here. But is she here?

Juan. Close by—she and her father, who would needs
See her abroad; and I push'd on before
To apprize you of our numbers—so much more
Than when I first proposed to be your guest,
That I entreat you—

Luis. What?

Juan. —to let us go,
And find our inn at once—not over-load
Your house.

Luis. Don Juan, you do me an affront—
What if all Naples came along with you?—
My heart—yes, and my house—should welcome them.

Juan. I know. But yet—

Luis. But yet, no more "but yets"—
Come to my house, or else my heart shall close
Its doors upon you.

Juan. Nay, I dare not peril
A friendship—

Luis. Why, were't not a great affront
To such a friendship—when you learn besides,
I have but held this government till now
Only to do you such a courtesy.

Juan. But how is this ?

Luis. Sickness and age on-coming,
I had determined to retire on what
Estate I had—no need of other wealth—
Beside, Alvaro's death—my only son—

Juan. Nay, you have so felicitated me,
I needs must *you,* Don Luis, whose last letter
Told of a gleam of hope in that dark quarter.

Luis. A sickly gleam—you know the ship he sail'd in
Was by another vessel, just escaped
The selfsame storm, seen to go down—it seem'd
With all her souls on board.

Juan. But how assured
'Twas your son's ship ?—

Luis. Alas, so many friends
Were on the watch for him at Barcelona,
Whither his ship was bound, but never came—
Beside the very messenger that brought
The gleam of hope, premised the tragedy—
A little piece of wreck,
That floated to the coast of Spain, and thence
Sent to my hands, with these words scratcht upon't—
" *Escaped alive, Alvaro.*"

Juan. When was this ?

Luis. Oh, months ago, and since no tidings heard,
In spite of all inquiry. But we will hope.
Meanwhile, Serafina—when will she be here ?

Juan. She must be close to Naples now.

Luis. Go then,
Tell her from me—
I go not forth to bid her welcome, only
That I may make that welcome sure at home.

Juan. I'll tell her so. But—

Luis. What ! another "*But*" ?
No more of that. Away with you.—Porcia !

[*Exit* JUAN.

Enter PORCIA.

Daughter, you know (I have repeated it
A thousand times, I think) the obligation
I owe Don Juan Roca.

Porcia. Sir, indeed
I've often heard you talk of him.

Luis. Then listen.
He and his wife are coming here to-day—
Directly.

Por. Serafina !

Luis. Yes.
To be our guests, till they set sail for Spain ;
I trust long first—

Por. And I. How glad I am !

Luis. You ! what should make you glad ?

Por. That Serafina,
So long my playmate, shall be now my guest.

Luis. Ay ! I forgot—that's well, too—
Let us be rivals in their entertainment.
See that the servants, Porcia, dress their rooms
As speedily and handsomely as may be.

Por. What haste can do (which brings its own excuse)
I'll do—'tis long a proverb hereabout
That you are Entertainer-general,
Rather than Governor, of Naples.

Luis. Ay,
I like to honour all who come this way.

Enter LEONELO.

Leonelo. Peace to this house !—and not only that, but a tory besides.—A company of soldiers coming to a certain village, a fellow of the place calls out for *two* to be billeted on him. "What !" says a neighbour, "you want a double share of what every one else tries to shirk altogether ?" "Yes," says he, "for the more nuisance they are while they stay, the more glad one is of their going." In illustration of which,

and also of my master's orders, I crave your Lordship's hand, and your Ladyship's foot, to kiss.

Luis. Welcome, good Leonelo. I was afraid I had overlooked you in receiving your master.

Por. And how does marriage agree with you, Leonelo ?

Leon. One gentleman asked another to dine : but such an ill-ordered dinner that the capon was cold, and the wine hot. Finding which, the guest dips a leg of the capon into the wine. And when his host asks him what he's about—" Only making the wine heat the capon, and the capon cool the wine," says he. Now just this happened in my marriage. My wife was rather too young, and I rather too old ; so, as it is hoped—

Por. Foolery, foolery, always !—tell me how Serafina is—

Leon. In a coach.

Por. What answer is that ?

Leon. A very sufficient one—since a coach includes happiness, pride, and (a modern author says) respectability.

Por. How so ?

Leon. Why, a certain lady died lately, and for some reason or other, they got leave to carry her to the grave

in a coach. Directly they got her in,—the body, I mean,—it began to fidget—and when they called out to the coachman—"Drive to St. Sepulchre's!"—"No!" screams she,—"I won't go there yet. Drive to the Prado first; and when I have had a turn there, they may bury me where they please."

Luis. How can you let your tongue run on so!—

Leon. I'll tell you. A certain man in Barcelona had five or six children: and he gave them each to eat—

(*Voices within.*) "Way there! way!"

Por. They are coming.

Leon. And in so doing, take that story out of my mouth.

Enter JULIA.

Julia. Signor, your guests are just alighting.

Luis. Come, Porcia—

Leon. (No, no, stop you and listen to me about those dear children.)

Por. They are coming upstairs—at the door—

Enter DON JUAN *leading* SERAFINA, DON PEDRO, *and* FLORA—*all in travelling dress.*

Luis. Your hand, fair Serafina, whose bright eyes
Seem to have drawn his lustre from the sun,

To fill my house withal ;—a poor receptacle
Of such a visitor.

Por. Nay, 'tis for me
To blush for that, in quality of hostess ;
Yet, though you come to shame my house-keeping,
Thrice welcome, Serafina.

Serafina. How answer both,
Being too poor in compliment for either !
I'll not attempt it.

Ped. I am vext, Don Luis,
My son-in-law should put this burden on you.

Luis. Nay, vex not me by saying so.—What burden ?
The having such an honour as to be
Your servant ?—

Leon. Here's a dish of compliments !

Flora. Better than you can feed your mistress with.
(*Guns heard without.*)

Juan. What guns are those ?

Enter FABIO.

Fabio. The citadel, my lord,
Makes signal of two galleys in full sail
Coming to port.

Luis. More guests ! the more the merrier !

Ped. The merrier for them, but scarce for you,
Don Luis.
Luis. Nay, good fortune comes like bad,
All of a heap. What think you, should it be,
As I suspect it is, the Prince Orsino
Returning ; whom, in love and duty bound,
I shall receive and welcome—
Juan. Once again,
Don Luis, give me leave—
Luis. And once again,
And once for all, I shall *not* give you leave.
Prithee, no more—
All will be easily arranged. Porcia,
You know your guest's apartments—show her thither :
I'll soon be back with you.
Ped. Permit us, sir,
To attend you to the port, and wait upon
His Highness.
Luis. I dare not refuse that trouble,
Seeing what honour in the prince's eyes
Your company will lend me.
Leon. And methinks
I will go with you too.
Juan. What, for that purpose ?
Leon. Yes—and because perhaps among the crowd

I shall find some to whom I may relate
That story of the children and their meat.

[*Exeunt* DON LUIS, PEDRO, JUAN, LEONELO, FABIO, &c.

Ser. Porcia, are they gone ?

Por. They are.

Ser. Then I may weep.

Por. Tears, Serafina !

Ser. Nay, they would not stay
Longer unshed. I would not if I could
Hide them from you, Porcia. Why should I,
Who know too well the fount from which they flow ?

Por. I only know you weep—no more than that.

Ser. Yet 'tis the seeing you again, again
Unlocks them—is it that you do resent
The discontinuance of our early love,
And that you *will* not understand me ?

Por. Nay,—
What can I say !

Ser. Let us be *quite* alone.

Por. Julia, leave us.

Ser. Flora, go with her.

Julia. Come, shall we go up to the gallery,
And see the ships come in ?

Flora. Madam, so please you.

[*Exeunt* FLORA *and* JULIA.

Ser. Well, are we *quite* alone ?
Por. Yes, quite.
Ser. All gone,
And none to overhear us ?
Por. None.
Ser. Porcia,
You knew me once when I was happy !
Por. Yes,
Or thought you so—
Ser. But now most miserable !
Por. How so, my Serafina ?
Ser. You shall hear—
Yes, my Porcia, you remember it,—
That happy, happy time when you and I
Were so united that, our hearts attun'd
To perfect unison, one might believe
That but one soul within two bodies lodg'd.
This you remember ?
Por. Oh, how could I forget !
Ser. Think it not strange that so far back I trace
The first beginnings of *another* love,
Whose last sigh having now to breathe, whose last
Farewell to sigh, and whose deceased hopes
In one last obsequy to commemorate,
I tell it over to you point by point

From first to last—by such full utterance
My pent up soul perchance may find relief.

Por. Speak, Serafina.

Ser. You have not forgot
Neither, how that close intimacy of ours
Brought with it of necessity some courtesies
Between me and your brother, Don Alvaro—
Whose very name, oh wretched that I am !
Makes memory, like a trodden viper, turn,
And fix a fang in me not sharp enough
To slay at once, but with a lingering death
Infect my life—

Por. Nay, calm yourself.

Ser. We met,
Porcia—and from those idle meetings love
Sprang up between us both—for though 'tis true
That at the first I laugh'd at his advances,
And turn'd his boyish suit into disdain,
Yet true it also is that in my heart
There lurk'd a lingering feeling yet behind,
Which if not wholly love, at least was liking,
In the sweet twilight of whose unris'n sun
My soul as yet walk'd hesitatingly.
For, my Porcia, there is not a woman,
Say what she will, and virtuous as you please,

Who, being lov'd, resents it : and could he
Who most his mistress's disfavour mourns
Look deeply down enough into her heart,
He'd see, however high she carries it,
Some grateful recognition lurking there
Under the muffle of affected scorn.
You know how I repell'd your brother's suit :
How ever when he wrote to me I tore
His letters—would not listen when he spoke—
And when, relying on my love for you,
Through you he tried to whisper his for me,
I quarrell'd with yourself—quarrell'd the more
The more you spoke for him. He wept—I laugh'd;
Knelt in my path—I turn'd another way ;
Though who had seen deep down into my heart,
Had also seen love struggling hard with pride.
Enough—at last one evening as I sat
Beside a window looking on the sea,
Wrapt in the gathering night he stole unseen
Beside me. After whispering all those vows
Of love which lovers use, and I pass by,
He press'd me to be his. Touch'd by the hour,
The mask of scorn fell from my heart, and Love
Reveal'd himself, and from that very time
Grew unconceal'd between us—yet, Porcia,

Upon mine honour, (for I tell thee *all*,)
Always in honour bounded. At that time
In an ill hour my father plann'd a marriage
Between me and Don Juan—yours, you know,
Came here to Naples, whence he sent your brother,
I know not on what business, into Spain ;
And we agreed, I mean Alvaro and I,
Rather than vex two fathers at one time
By any declaration of our vows,
'Twere best to keep them secret—at the least,
Till his return from Spain. Ah, Porcia,
When yet did love not thrive by secrecy ?
We parted—he relying on my promise,
I on his quick return. Oh, mad are those
Who, knowing that a storm is up, will yet
Put out to sea. Alvaro went—my father
Urged on this marriage with my cousin. Oh !—

Por. You are ill, Serafina !

Ser. Nothing—nothing—
I reason'd—wept—implor'd—excus'd—delay'd—
In vain—O mercy, Heaven !

Por. Tell me no more :
It is too much for you.

Ser. Then suddenly
We heard that he was dead—your brother—drown'd—

They married me—and now perhaps he lives.
They say—Porcia, can it be ?—I know not
Whether to hope or dread if that be true :—
And every wind that blows your father hope
Makes my blood cold ; I know that I shall meet him,
Here or upon the seas—dead or alive—
Methinks I see him now !—Help ! help ! [*Swoons.*
Por. Serafina !—
She has fainted !—Julia ! Flora !—

Enter ALVARO.

Alv. My Porcia !
Por. Alvaro ! (*They embrace.*)
Alv. I have outrun the shower of compliment
On my escapes—which you shall hear anon—
To catch you to my heart.
Por. Oh joy and terror !
Look there !—
Alv. Serafina !
And sleeping too !
Por. Oh, swooning ! see to her
Till I get help. [*Exit.*
Ser. (*in her swoon*). Mercy, mercy !
Alvaro, slay me not !—I am not guilty !—
Indeed I am not !—

Alv. She dreams—and dreams of me—but very strangely—
Serafina !—
Ser. (*waking*). Dead !—or return'd alive to curse and slay me !—
But I am innocent !—I could not help—
They told me you were dead—and are you not ?—
And I must marry him—
Alv. Must marry ?—whom ?—
Why, you are dreaming still—
Awake !—'tis your Alvaro— (*Offers to embrace her.*)
Ser. No, no, no—
I dare not—
Alv. Dare not !

Enter PORCIA, FLORA, JULIA.

Por. Quick, quick !
Flora. My lady !
Julia. My lord alive again !
Alv. Porcia, come hither—I am not alive,
Till I have heard the truth—nay, if't be true
That she has hinted and my heart forebodes,
I shall be worse than dead—

[*Retires with* PORCIA *to back of Stage.*

Enter JUAN *and* PEDRO.

Juan. What is the matter ?—
My Serafina !
Pedro. We have hurried back,
Told of your sudden seizure—What is it ?
Ser. The very heart within me turn'd to ice.
Juan. But you are better now ?—
Ser. Yes—better—pray,
Be not uneasy for me.
Alv. (*to* PORCIA *in the rear*). This is true then !
Por. Nay, nay, be not so desperate, Alvaro,
Hearing but half the story—no fault of hers—
I'll tell you all anon. Come, Serafina,
I'll see you to your chamber.
Pedro. She will be better soon—
Juan. Lean upon me, my love—so—so.
Alv. Oh, fury !
Ser. Oh, would to heaven these steps should be my last,
Leading not to my chamber, but my grave !
Por. (*to* ALVARO). Wait here—compose yourself —I shall be back
Directly. [*Exeunt* PORCIA, SERAFINA, *and* JUAN.
Alv. She is married—broke her troth—

And I escaped from death and slavery
To find her—but the prince !—Oh weariness !

Enter the PRINCE ORSINO, CELIO, DON LUIS, *and Train.*

Prince. Each day, Don Luis, I become your debtor
For some new courtesy.
Luis. My lord, 'tis I
Who by such small instalments of my duty
Strive to pay back in part the many favours
You shower upon your servant. And this last,
Of bringing back Alvaro to my arms,
Not all my life, nor life itself, could pay.
Prince. Small thanks to me, Don Luis ; but indeed
The strangest chance—two chances—two escapes—
First from the sinking ship upon a spar,
Then from the Algerine who pick'd him up,
Carried him captive off—
He first adroitly through their fingers slipping
That little harbinger of hope to you,
And then, at last, himself escaping back
To Barcelona, where you know I was—
If glad to welcome, house, and entertain
Any distrest Italian, how much more,
Both for his own sake and for yours, your son,
So making him, I trust, a friend for life.

Alv. Rather a humble follower, my lord.
Luis. I have no words to thank you—we shall hear
The whole tale from Alvaro by and by—
To make us merry—once so sad to him.
Meanwhile, Alvaro, thou hast seen thy sister?
Alv. Yes, sir—
Luis. Oh what a joy 'tis to see thee!
Prince. A day of general joy.
Alv. (*aside*). Indeed!—
Prince. Especially
To her, Alvaro—
Alv. Sir?
Prince. I mean your sister.
Alv. Yes, my lord — no — I am not sure, my lord—
A friend of her is suddenly so ill,
My sister is uneasy—
Luis. Serafina!
Indeed!—I know your Highness will forgive
My seeing to her straight. [*Exit.*
Alv. And I, my lord,
Would fain see some old faces once again
As soon as may be.
Prince. Nay, no more excuse—
Follow your pleasure.

Alv. (*aside*). 'Tis no friend I seek,
But my one deadliest enemy—myself. [*Exit.*

Prince. Celio, I think we have well nigh exhausted
The world of compliment, and wasted it :
For I begin to doubt that word and deed
Are wasted all in vain.

Celio. How so, my lord ?

Prince. Why, if I never am to see Porcia
Whom I have come so far and fast to see—

Cel. *Never*, my lord ! her father's guest is ill,
And she for a few minutes—

Prince. *Minutes*, Celio !
Knowest thou not minutes are years to lovers ?

Cel. I know that lovers are strange animals.

Prince. Ah, you have never loved.

Cel. No, good my lord,
I'm but a looker-on ; or in the market
Just give and take the current coin of love—
Love her that loves me ; and, if she forget,
Forget her too.

Prince. Ah, then I cannot wonder
You wonder so at my impatience ;
For he that cannot love, can be no judge
Of him that does.

Cel. How so?

Prince. I'll tell thee, Celio.
He who far off beholds another dancing,
Even one who dances best, and all the time
Hears not the music that he dances to,
Thinks him a madman, apprehending not
The law that rules his else eccentric action.
So he that's in himself insensible
Of love's sweet influence, misjudges him
Who moves according to love's melody:
And knowing not that all these sighs and tears,
Ejaculations, and impatiences,
Are necessary changes of a measure,
Which the divine musician plays, may call
The lover crazy; which he would not do
Did he within his own heart hear the tune
Play'd by the great musician of the world.

Cel. Well, I might answer, that, far off or near,
Hearing or not the melody you tell of,
The man is mad who dances to it. But
Here is your music.

Enter PORCIA.

Porcia. I left my brother here but now.

Prince. But now,
Sweet Porcia, you see he is not here—
By that so seeming earnest search for him
Scarce recognising me, if you would hint
At any seeming slight of mine toward you,
I plead not guilty—

Por. You mistake, my lord—
Did I believe my recognition
Of any moment to your Excellency,
I might perhaps evince it in complaint,
But not in slight.

Prince. Complaint !—

Por. Yes, sir—complaint.

Prince. Complaint of what ? I knowing, Porcia,
And you too knowing well, the constant love
That I have borne you since the happy day
When first we met in Naples—

Por. No, my lord—
You mean my love to you, not yours to me—
Unwearied through your long forgetful absence.

Prince. How easily, Porcia, would my love
Prove to you its unchanged integrity,
Were it not that our friends—

Por. Your friends indeed,
Who stop a lame apology at the outset.

Enter SERAFINA.

Serafina. I cannot rest, Porcia, and am come
To seek it in your arms—but who is this ?

Por. The Prince Orsino.

Ser. Pardon me, my lord—
I knew you not—coming so hurriedly,
And in much perturbation.

Prince. Nay, lady,
I owe you thanks for an embarrassment
Which hides my own.

Ser. Let it excuse beside
What other courtesies I owe your Highness,
But scarce have words to pay. Heaven guard your Highness—
Suffer me to retire. [*Exit.*

Por. I needs must after her, my lord. But tell me,
When shall I hear your vindication ?—
To-night ?

Prince. Ay, my Porcia, if you will.

Por. Till night farewell, then. [*Exit.*

Prince. Farewell.—Celio,
Didst ever see so fair an apparition,
As her who came and went so suddenly ?

Cel. Indeed, so sweetly mannered when surprised,
She must be exquisite in her composure.

Prince. Who is she ?

Cel. Nay, my lord, just come with you,
I know as little—
What ! a new tune to dance to ?—

Prince. In good time,
Here comes Alvaro.

Enter ALVARO.

Alvaro. How restless is the sickness of the soul !
I scarce had got me from this fatal place,
And back again—

Prince. Alvaro !

Alv. My lord—

Prince. Who is the lady that was here anon ?

Alv. Lady, my lord—what lady ?

Prince. She that went
A moment hence—I mean your sister's guest.

Alv. (This drop was wanting !)
My lord, the daughter of a nobleman
Of very ancient blood—
Don Pedro Castellano.

Prince. And her name ?

Alv. Serafina.

Prince. And a most seraphic lady !

Alv. You never saw her, sir, before ?

Prince. No, surely.
Alv. (*aside*). Would I had never done so !
Prince. And in the hasty glimpse I had,
I guess her mistress of as fair a mind
As face.
Alv. Yes, sir—
Prince. She lives in Naples, eh ?
Alv. No—on her way
To Spain, I think—
Prince. Indeed !—To Spain. Why that ?
Alv. (How much more will he ask ?)
My lord, her husband—
Prince. She is married then ?—
Alv. Torture !
Prince. And who so blest to call her his,
Alvaro ?
Alv. Sir, Don Juan Roca, her cousin.
Prince. Roca ? Don Juan Roca ? Do I know him ?
Alv. I think you must ; he came, sir, with my father
To wait upon your Grace.
Prince. Don Juan Roca !
No ; I do not remember him—should not
Know him again.

Enter DON LUIS.

Luis. My lord, if my old love
And service for your Highness may deserve
A favour at your hands—
Prince. They only wait
Until your tongue has named it.
Luis. . . . This it is then—
The captain of the galleys, good my lord,
In which your Highness came,
Tells me that, having landed you, he lies
Under strict orders to return again
Within an hour.
Prince. 'Tis true.
Luis. . . Now, good my lord,
The ships, when they go back, must carry with them
Some friends who, long time look'd for, just are come,
And whom I fain—
Prince. Nay, utter not a wish
I know I must unwillingly deny.
Alvaro. Confusion on confusion !
Prince. I have pledg'd
My word to Don Garcia of Toledo
The galleys should not pass an hour at Naples.
I feel for you—and for myself, alas !

So sweet a freight they carry with them. But
I dare not—and what folly to adore
A Beauty lost to me before I found it !

[*Exeunt* PRINCE *and* CELIO.

Luis. And those I so had long'd for, to avenge
Their long estrangement by as long a welcome,
Snatcht from me almost ere we'd shaken hands !—
Is not this ill, Alvaro ?

Alv. Ill indeed.

Luis. And, as they needs must go, my hospitality,
Foil'd in its spring, must turn to wound myself
By speeding their departure. (*Going.*)

Alv. Sir, a moment.
Although his Highness would not, or could not,
Grant you the boon your services deserv'd,
Let not that, I beseech you, indispose you
From granting one to me.

Luis. What is't, Alvaro ?
'Twere strange could I refuse you anything.

Alv. You sent me, sir, on state affairs to Spain,
But being wreckt and captur'd, as you know,
All went undone.
Another opportunity now offers ;
The ships are ready, let me go and do
That which perforce I left undone before.

Luis. What else could'st thou have askt,
In all the category of my means,
Which I, methinks, had grudg'd thee! No, Alvaro,
The treacherous sea must not again be trusted
With the dear promise of my only son.

Alv. Nay, for that very reason, I entreat you
To let me go, sir. Let it not be thought
The blood that I inherited of you
Quail'd at a common danger.

Luis. I admire
Your resolution, but you must not go,
At least not now.
Beside, the business you were sent upon
Is done by other hands, or let go by
For ever.

Alv. Nay, sir—

Luis. Nay, Alvaro. [*Exit.*

Alv. He is resolved. And Serafina,
To whose divinity I offered up
My heart of hearts, a purer sacrifice
Than ever yet on pagan altar blaz'd,
Has play'd me false, is married to another,
And now will fly away on winds and seas,
As fleeting as herself.
Then what remains but that I die? My death

The necessary shadow of that marriage !
Comfort !—what boots it looking after that
Which never can be found ? The worst is come,
Which 'twere a blind and childish waste of hope
To front with any visage but despair.
Ev'n that one single solace, were there one,
Of ringing my despair into her ears,
Fails me. Time presses ; the accursed breeze
Blows foully fair. The vessel flaps her sails
That is to bear her from me. Look, she comes—
And from before her dawning beauty all
I had to say fades from my swimming brain,
And chokes upon my tongue.

Enter SERAFINA, *drest as at first, and* PORCIA.

Porcia. And must we part so quickly ?—
Serafina. When does happiness
Last longer ?
Alv. Never !—who best can answer that ?
I standing by, why ask it of another ?
At least when speaking of such happiness
As, perjur'd woman, thy false presence brings !
Ser. Alvaro, for Heaven's sake spare me the pang
Of these unjust reproaches.

Alv. What! unjust!

Ser. Why, is it not unjust, condemning one
Without defence?

Alv. Without defence indeed!

Ser. Not that I have not a most just defence,
But that you will not listen.

Alv. Serafina,
I listen'd; but what wholly satisfies
The criminal may ill suffice the judge;
And in love's court especially, a word
Has quite a different meaning to the soul
Of speaker and of hearer. Yet once more,
Speak.

Ser. To what purpose! I can but repeat
What I have told your sister, and she you,—
What on the sudden waking from my swoon,
I, who had thought you dead so long, Alvaro,
Spoke in my terror, suddenly seeing you
Alive, before me.

Alv. I were better, then,
Dead than alive?

Ser. I know not—were you dead
I might in honour weep for you, Alvaro;
Living, I must not.

Alv. Nay, then, whether you

Forswear me living or lament me dead,
Now you must hear me ; if you strike the wound,
Is it not just that you should hear the cry ?
Ser. I must not.
Alv. But I say you must.
Ser. Porcia,
Will you not help me when my life and honour
Are thus at stake ?
Alv. Porcia's duty lies
In keeping watch that no one interrupt us.
Porcia. Between the two confus'd, I yield at last
To him, both as my brother, Serafina,
And for his love to you. Compose yourself ;
I shall be close at hand, no harm can happen.
And let him weep at least who has lost all. [*Exit.*
Ser. If I am forc'd to hear you then, Alvaro,
You shall hear me too, once more, once for all,
Freely confessing that I loved you once ;
Ay, long and truly loved you. When all hope
Of being yours with your reported death
Had died, then, yielding to my father's wish,
I wed another, and am—what I am.
So help me, Heaven, Alvaro, this is all !
Alv. How can I answer if you weep ?
Ser. No, no,

I do not weep, or, if I do, 'tis but
My eyes,—no more, no deeper.
Alv. Is 't possible you can so readily
Turn warm compassion into cold disdain !
And are your better pulses so controll'd
By a cold heart, that, to enhance the triumph
Over the wretched victim of your eyes,
You make the fount of tears to stop or flow
Just as you please ? If so, teach me the trick,
As the last courtesy you will vouchsafe me.
Ser. Alvaro, when I think of what I was,
My tears will forth ; but when of what I am,
My honour bids them cease.
Alv. You *do* feel then—
Ser. Nay, I'll deny it not.
Alv. That, being another's—
Ser. Nay, no argument—
Alv. These tears—
Ser. What tears ?
Alv. Are the relenting rain
On which the Iris of my hope may ride ;
Or a sweet dew—
Ser. Alvaro—
Alv. That foretells
That better day when in these arms again—

Ser. Those arms! Alvaro, when that day shall come
May heaven's thunder strike me dead at once!
(*Cannon within.*)
Mercy, what's that?

Enter PORCIA.

Porcia. A signal from the ship,
'Tis time: your father and Don Juan now
Are coming for you.
Alv. O heavens!
Por. Compose yourself,
And you, Alvaro—(*Motions him back.*)

Enter DON JUAN, LUIS, PEDRO, LEONELO, &c.

Luis. Lady, believe how sadly I am come
To do you this last office.
Juan. Trembling still?—
But come, perhaps the sea-breeze, in requital
Of bearing us away from those we love,
May yet revive you.
Luis. Well, if it must be so,
Lady, your hand. Porcia, come with us.

[*Exeunt all but* ALVARO.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A room in* DON JUAN'S *house at Barcelona: he is discovered painting* SERAFINA. *It gradually grows dusk.*

Juan. Are you not wearied sitting?
Serafina. Surely not
Till you be wearied painting.
Juan. Oh, so much
As I have wish'd to have that divine face
Painted, and by myself, I now begin
To wish I had not wish'd it.
Ser. But why so?
Juan. Because I must be worsted in the trial
I have brought on myself.
Ser. You to despair,
Who never are outdone but by yourself!
Juan. Even so.
Ser. But *why* so?
Juan. Shall I tell you why?
Painters, you know, (just turn your head a little,)
Are nature's apes, whose uglier semblances,
Made up of disproportion and excess,
Like apes, they easily can imitate:

But whose more gracious aspect, the result
Of subtlest symmetries, they only outrage,
Turning true beauty into caricature.
The perfecter her beauty, the more complex
And hard to follow ; but her perfection
Impossible.

Ser. That I dare say is true,
But surely not in point with me, whose face
Is surely far from perfect.

Juan. Far indeed
From what is perfect call'd, but far beyond,
Not short of it ; so that indeed my reason
Was none at all.

Ser. Well now then the true reason
Of your disgust.

Juan. Yet scarcely my disgust,
When you continue still the cause of it.
Well then, to take the matter up again—
The object of this act, (pray, look at me,
And do not laugh, Serafina,) is to seize
Those subtlest symmetries that, as I said,
Are subtlest in the loveliest ; and though
It has been half the study of my life
To recognise and represent true beauty,
I had not dreamt of such excess of it

As yours ; nor can I, when before my eyes,
Take the clear image in my trembling soul ;
And therefore if that face of yours exceed
Imagination, and imagination
(As it must do) the pencil ; then my picture
Can be but the poor shadow of a shade.
Besides,—

Ser. Can there be anything besides ?

Juan. 'Tis said that fire and light, and air and snow,
Cannot be painted ; how much less a face
Where they are so distinct, yet so compounded,
As needs must drive the artist to despair !
I'll give it up.—(*Throws away his brushes, &c.*) The light begins to fail too.
And, Serafina, pray remember this,
If, tempted ever by your loveliness,
And fresh presumption that forgets defeat,
I'd have you sit again, allow me not,—
It does but vex me.

Ser. Nay, if it do that
I will not, Juan, or let me die for it,—
Come, there's an oath upon 't.

Juan. A proper curse
On that rebellious face.

Enter LEONELO.

Leonelo. And here comes in a story :—

A man got suddenly deaf, and seeing the people about him moving their lips, quoth he, "What the devil makes you all dumb?" never thinking for a moment the fault might be in himself. So it is with you, who lay the blame on a face that all the world is praising, and not on your own want of skill to paint it.

Juan. Not a very apt illustration, Leonelo, as you would admit if you heard what I was saying before you came in. But, whose soever the fault, I am the sufferer. I will no more of it, however. Come, I will abroad.

Ser. Whither, my lord?

Juan. Down to the pier, with the sea and the fresh air, to dispel my vexation.

Ser. By quitting me?

Juan. I might indeed say so, since the sight of you is the perpetual trophy of my defeat. But what if I leave you in order to return with a double zest?

Ser. Nay, nay, with no such pretty speeches hope to delude me; I know what it is. The carnival with its fair masks.

Juan. A mask abroad when I have that face at home!

Ser. Nay, nay, I know you.

Juan. Better than I do myself?

Ser. What wife does not?

Leon. Just so. A German and the priest of his village coming to high words one day, because the man blew his swine's horn under the priest's window, the priest calls out in a rage, "I'll denounce your horns to the parish, I will!" which the man's wife overhearing in the scullery, she cries out, "Halloa, neighbour, here is the priest revealing my confession!"

Ser. What impertinence, Leonelo.

Leon. Very well then, listen to this; a certain man in Barcelona had five or six children, and one day—

Juan. Peace, foolish fellow.

Leon. Those poor children will never get the meat well into their mouths.

Juan. Farewell, my love, awhile.

[*Exeunt* JUAN *and* LEONELO.

Ser. Farewell, my lord.
Thou little wicked Cupid,
I am amused to find how by degrees
The wound your arrows in my bosom made,
And made to run so fast with tears, is healing.
Yea, how those very arrows and the bow

That did such mischief, being snapt asunder—
Thyself art tamed to a good household child.

Enter FLORA, *out of breath.*

Flora. O madam !

Ser. Well, Flora, what now ?

Flora. O madam, there is a man down-stairs !

Ser. Well ?

Flora. Drest sailor-like.

Ser. Well ?

Flora. He will not go away unless I give this letter into your hands.

Ser. Into my hands ? from whom ?

Flora. From the lady Porcia he says, madam.

Ser. From Porcia, well, and what frightens you ?

Flora. Nothing, madam, and yet—

Ser. And yet there is something.

Flora. O, my lady, if this should be Don Alvaro !

Ser. Don Alvaro ! what makes you think that ?

Flora. I am sure it is he.

Ser. But did you tell him you knew him ?

Flora. I could not help, madam, in my surprise.

Ser. And what said he then ?

Flora. That I must tell you he was here.

Ser. Alvaro !—

Flora, go back, tell him you dared not tell me,
Fearful of my rebuke, and say beside,
As of your own advice, that it is fit,
Both for himself and me,
That he depart immediately.

Flora. Yes, madam.

As she is going, enter ALVARO, *as a Sailor.*

Alvaro. No need. Seeing Don Juan leave his house,
I have made bold to enter, and have heard
What Flora need not to repeat.

Ser. Nay, sir,
Rather it seems as if you had not heard ;
Seeing the most emphatic errand was
To bid you hence.

Alv. So might it seem perhaps,
Inexorable beauty : but you know
How one delinquency another breeds ;
And having come so far, and thus disguised,
Only to worship at your shrine, Serafina,
(I dare not talk of love,) I do beseech you
Do not so frown at my temerity,
As to reject the homage that it brings.

Ser. Don Alvaro,
If thus far I have listen'd, think it not
Warrant of further importunity.
I could not help it—'tis with dread and terror
That I have heard thus much ; I now beseech you,
Since you profess you came to honour me,
Show that you did so truly by an act
That shall become your honour well as mine.
Alv. Speak, Serafina.
Ser. Leave me so at once,
And without further parley,
That I may be assured *you* are assured
That lapse of time, my duty as a wife,
My husband's love for me, and mine for him,
My station and my name, all have so changed me,
That winds and waves might sooner overturn
Not the oak only,
But the eternal rock on which it grows,
Than you my heart, though sea and sky themselves
Join'd in the tempest of your sighs and tears.
Alv. But what if I remember other times
When Serafina was no stubborn oak,
Resisting wind and wave, but a fair flower
That open'd to the sun of early love,
And follow'd him along the golden day :

No barren heartless rock,
But a fair temple in whose sanctuary
Love was the idol, daily and nightly fed
With sacrifice of one whole human heart.

Ser. I do not say 'twas not so ;
But, sir, to carry back the metaphor
Your ingenuity has turn'd against me,
That tender flower, transplanted it may be
To other skies and soil, might in good time
Strike down such roots and strengthen such a stem
As were not to be shook : the temple, too,
Though seeming slight to look on, being yet
Of nature's fundamental marble built,
When once that foolish idol was dethroned,
And the true God set up into his place,
Might stand unscathed in sanctity and worship,
For ages and for ages.

Alv. Serafina,
Why talk to me of ages, when the account
Of my misfortune and your cruelty
Measures itself by hours, and not by years !
It was but yesterday you loved me, yes,
Loved me, and (let the metaphor run on)
I never will believe it ever was,
Or is, or ever can be possible

That the fair flower so soon forgot the sun
To which so long she owed and turn'd her beauty,
To love the baser mould in which she grew :
Or that the temple could so soon renounce
Her old god, true god too while he was there,
For any cold and sober deity
Which you may venerate, but cannot love,
Newly set up.

Ser. I must leave metaphor,
And take to sober sense ; nor is it right,
Alvaro, that you strive
To choke the virtuous present with the past,
Which, when it was the past, was virtuous too,
But would be guilty if reiterate.
Nor is it right, nor courteous, certainly,
Doubting what I declare of my own heart ;
Nay, you who do yourself affirm, Alvaro,
How well I loved you when such love was lawful
Are bound to credit me when I declare
That love is now another's.

Alv. Serafina—

Juan (*speaking within*). Light, light, there !

Enter FLORA *hurriedly.*

Flora. Madam, my lord, my lord.

Alv. Confusion !
Ser. O ye heavens !
Flora. The old lover's story.
Brother or husband sure to interrupt.
Juan (*within*). A light there, Flora ! Serafina ! night
Set in, and not a lamp lit in the house ?
Alv. He comes.
Ser. And I am lost !
Flora. Quick, Don Alvaro,
Into this closet, till my lord be gone
Into his chamber ; in, in, in !
Alv. My fears
Are all for you, not for myself. [*Hides in the closet.*
Flora. In, in ! [*Exit.*
Juan (*entering*). How is it there's no light ?
Ser. She had forgot—
But here it comes.

Enter FLORA *with lights.*

'Twas kind of you my lord,
So quickly back again—
Sooner than I expected.
Juan. Yes, a friend
Caught hold of me just as I reach'd the pier,

And told me to get home again.

Ser. (*aside*). My heart!

Juan. And wherefore do you think?

Ser. Nay, I know not.

Juan. To tell you of a festival, Serafina,
Preparing in your honour.

Ser. (*aside*). I breathe again.

Juan. The story's this. It is the carnival,
You know, and, by a very ancient usage,
To-morrow all the folk of Barcelona,
Highest as well as lowest, men and women,
Go abroad mask'd to dance and see the shows.
And you being newly come, they have devised
A dance and banquet for you, to be held
In Don Diego's palace, looking forth
So pleasantly (do you remember it?)
Upon the seas. And therefore for their sake,
And mine, my Serafina, you must for once
Eclipse that fair face with the ugly mask;
I'll find you fitting dress,—what say you?

Ser. Nay,
What should I say but that your will is mine,
In this as evermore?
And now you speak of dress, there are ev'n now
Some patterns brought me in the nick of time

To choose from, in my chamber ; prithee come,
And help me judge.
Juan. I would that not your robe
Only, but all the ground on which you walk
Were laced with diamond.
Ser. What not done yet
With compliment ? Come—come. (*She takes a light.*)
Juan. But wherefore this ?
Ser. My duty is to wait upon you.
Juan. No.
Take the lamp, Flora.
Ser. Flora waits on me,
And I on you.
Juan. What humour's this ?
But be it as you will. [*Exeunt* JUAN *and* SERAFINA.
Flora (*letting out* ALVARO). Now is the time,
Signor Alvaro ! hist !
The coast is clear, but silently and swiftly—
Follow—but, hush ! stop ! wait !
Alv. What now ?
Flora. A moment !
Back, back, 'tis Leonelo.
Alv. Put out the light, I can slip past him.
Flora (*falls putting out light*). No sooner said than
done. O Lord, Lord, Lord !

Enter LEONELO.

Leon. What is the matter ?

Flora. The matter is, I have fallen.

Leon. Into temptation ?

Flora. It is well, sir, if I have not broken my leg ; here, sir, cease your gibing, and get this lamp lighted directly.

Leon. (*stumbling over* ALVARO). Halloa !

Flora. What now ?

Leon. I've fallen now, and on your temptation I think, for it has got a beard.

Alv. (*groping his way*). The fool ! but I can find the door. [*Exit.*

Leon. There goes some one !

Flora. The man's mad !

Leon. Am I ? Halloa ! halloa, there !

Enter JUAN *with light.*

Juan. What is the matter ?

Flora. Nothing, nothing, my lord.

Leon. Nothing ? I say it is something, a great—

Flora. My lord, going to shut the door, I stumbled, fell, and put out the light, that's all.

Leon. And I stumbled too.

Juan. Well?

Leon. Over a man.

Juan. In this chamber?

Leon. Yes, and—

Flora. Nonsense! my lord, he stumbled against *me*, as we both floundered in the dark.

Leon. You! What have you done with your beard then?

Juan. Are you mad? or is this some foolery?

Leon. My lord, I swear I stumbled over a fellow here.

Juan. (*aside.*) And she so anxious to light me to her chamber! what is all this? Take the lamp, Leonelo. Though partly I think you have been dreaming, I will yet search the house; come with me. I will draw the sting of suspicion at once, come what may. [*Draws sword and exit.*

Flora (*to* LEON.). All of your work. A murrain on your head,
Making this pother.

Leon. Minx! what is said, is said.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*The garden of* DON LUIS' *palace at Naples; a window with a balcony on one side, or in front:—night. Enter the* PRINCE *and* CELIO *muffled up.*

Celio. Still sighing? pardon me, your Highness, but
This melancholy is a riddle to me.
Prince. Ah, Celio, so strange a thing is love,
The sighs you think are melancholy sighs,
Yet are not so; I have indeed drunk poison,
But love the taste of it.
Cel. I used to think
'Twas all of being away from your Porcia;
But now when better starr'd, her brother absent,
Her father unsuspicious, at her bidding
Night after night you come beneath her lattice,
And yet—
Prince. If Porcia be not the cause
Of my complaint she cannot be the cure:
Yet (such is love's pathology) she serves
To soothe the wound another made.
Cel. Who then was she, my lord, for whose fair sake
You cannot either love this loving lady,
Nor leave her?

Prince. I would tell you, Celio,
But you would laugh at me.

Cel. Tell me, however.

Prince. Rememberest not the lady whom we saw
For a few minutes, like some lovely vision,
In this same house a little while ago,
Not Porcia, but her diviner guest?

Cel. Oh, I remember; is it then to be
The specialty of your Highness' love,
That, whereas other men's dies off by absence,
Yours quickens—if it can be love at all
Caught from one transitory glance.

Prince. Nay, Celio;
Because a cloud may cover up the sun
At his first step into the firmament,
Are we to say he never rose at all?
Are we to say the lightning did not flash
Because it did but flash, or that the fountain
Never ran fresh because it ran so fast
Into its briny cradle and its grave?
My love, if 'twere but of one moment born,
And but a moment living, yet was love;
And love it *is*, now living with my life.

(*A harp heard.*)

Cel. O fine comparisons! but hark, I hear

The widow'd turtle in the leaves away
Calling her faithless mate.
Prince. Yes, Celio, 'tis
Porcia—if she sings to me of *love*,
I am to approach the window ; but if *jealousy*,
I am to keep aloof. Listen !
Porcia (*singing within*).

Of all the shafts to Cupid's bow,
The first is tipt with fire ;
All bare their bosoms to the blow,
And call the wound Desire.

(*She appears at the window.*)

Prince. Ah ! I was waiting, lovely Porcia,
Till your voice drew me by the notes of love,
Or distanc'd me by those of jealousy.
Por. Which needs not music, prince, to signify,
Being love's plain, prose history.
Prince. Not always ;
For instance, I know one,
Who, to refute your theory, Porcia,
Attracts men by her jealousy as much
As she repels them by her love.
Por. Nay, then
Men must be stranger beings than I thought.
Prince. I know not how that is, I only know

That in love's empire, as in others empire,
Rebellion sometimes prospers.
Por. That the night
Would give us leave to argue out their point!
Which yet I fear it will not.
Prince. Why?
Por. My father,
Who frets about my brother's sudden absence,
Sits up enditing letters after him;
And therefore I have brought my harp, that while
We talk together I may touch the strings,
So as he, hearing me so occupied,
May not suspect or ask for me. Besides,
We can talk under cover of the music.
Prince. Not the first time that love has found himself
Fretted, Porcia.
Por. Oh, the wretched jest!
But listen—
The music is for him, the words for you,
For I have much to tell you underneath
This mask of music. (*Plays on the harp.*)
You know my father has been long resolv'd
To quit this government, and to return
To his own country place—which resolution,

First taken on my brother's suppos'd death,
My brother's sudden absence has revived ;
And brought to a head—so much so, that to-morrow,
To-morrow, he has settled to depart
To Bellaflor—I scarce can say the words—
But let my tears—

Prince. 'Tis well that you should mask
Ill news under sweet music : though, indeed,
A treason to make sweet the poison'd cup.

Por. Who more than I—

Enter JULIA *within, hurried.*

Julia. Madam, madam, your father
Is gone into the garden—I hear his steps.

Por. Nay then—(*Sings*)

Love's second is a poison'd dart,
And Jealousy is nam'd :
Which carries poison to the heart
Desire had first inflam'd.

Prince. She sings of jealousy—we must retire ;
Hist, Celio ! [CELIO *and* PRINCE *retreat.*

Enter LUIS.

Julia. Who's there ?

Por. Speak !

Luis. Oh, I, Porcia,

Who writing in my study, and much troubled
About your brother, was seduc'd away
By your harp's pleasant sound and the cool night,
To take a turn in the garden.

Por. Yes, sir, here
I sit, enjoying the cool air that blows
Up from the shore among the whispering leaves.

Luis. What better? but, Porcia, it grows late,
And chilly, I think: and though I'd have you here
Singing like a nightingale the whole night through,
It must not be. Will you come in? [*Exit.*

Por. Directly—
I've but a moment.

Prince (*entering*). And you shall not need
Repeat the love call, for I heard—

Por. (*playing as she speaks*) Nay, listen,
And that attentively. To-morrow, then,
We go to Bellaflor, (you know the place,)—
There in the hill-top, hid among the trees,
Is an old castle; ours, but scarcely us'd,
And kept by an old man who loves me well,
And can be secret. And if you should come
That way by chance, as hunting it may be,
I think we yet may meet.

Luis (*within*). Porcia !

Por. Sir !

Luis (*within*). It's time, indeed, to shut your window.

Por. Hark,
I dare no longer.

Prince. Then farewell !

Por. Farewell !
Remember Bellaflor : while you retreat
Among the trees, I still shall sing to you
Of love ; not that dark shape of jealousy,
But in the weeds of absence.

Prince. A descant
That suits us both,—(*aside*,) but on a different theme.

Por. (*singing*).

> The last of Cupid's arrows all
> With heavy lead is set ;
> That vainly weeping lovers call
> Repentance or Regret.

[*As she retires still singing from the window within, the* PRINCE *and* CELIO *retire back into the garden.*

SCENE III. *A street before* DON DIEGO'S *house in Barcelona.—Enter* ALVARO *and* FABIO *masked: other Masks pass across, and into* DIEGO'S *house.*

Alv. This is the place; here will I wait till she comes by. I know her dress, but I dared not follow her still myself diguised.

Fab. And no doubt, sir, you will find good opportunity of talking to her. 'Tis the old and acknowledged usage of this season, that any one may accost any one so long as both are masked, and so neither supposed to know the other.

Alv. Oh, a brave usage, and a brave invention that of the Carnival! One may accost whom one pleases, and whisper what one will, under the very ears of husband, father, or duenna!

Fab. So received a custom, that even among this hot-headed jealous people of Spain, no mortal quarrel has yet arisen on these occasions, though plenty to provoke it.

Alv. Look! the Masks are coming; I hear the music within. She must soon be here. Let us withdraw round this corner till she come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A garden leading down to the sea; on one side a Portico.—Masks singing and dancing; in the course of which enter and mix with them,* JUAN, SERAFINA, LEONELO, *and* FLORA, *and afterwards* ALVARO; *all masked.*

CHORUS.

Tantara, tantara, come follow me all,
Carnival, Carnival, Carnivāl.
Follow me, follow me, nobody ask;
Crazy is Carnival under the mask.
Follow me, follow me, nobody knows;
Under the mask is under the rose.
Tantara, tantara, &c.

Juan. How like you all this uproar?
Ser. O quite well.
Juan (*aside*). And so should I,
Did not a shadow from that darken'd room
Trail after me. But why torment myself!
Leon. My lord, the dancers wait.
Juan (*to the musicians*). Pardon me. Strike up!
Voices. Strike up! strike up!

A Voice. The castanets !

Voices. The castanets ! the castanets !

Musician. What will you have ?

Voices. The Tarazana ! the Tarazana !

[*A dance, during which* ALVARO *observes* SERAFINA.

Fab. You recognise her ?

Alv. Yes, Fabio, my heart
Would recognise her under any dress,
And under any mask.

Fab. Now is your time.

Alv. (*to* SERAFINA). Mask, will you dance with me ?

Ser. No, Cavalier ;
You come too late.

Alv. Too late ?

Ser. I am engag'd.

Alv. Nevertheless—

Ser. Nay, sir, I am not apt
To change my mind.

Alv. I hop'd that in my favour
You might perhaps.

Ser. 'Twas a delusion.

Alv. But,
Fair Mask, didst never change your mind before ?

Ser. Perhaps once—to such purpose that that *once*
Forbids all other.

Juan. Serafina, the Mask
Has askt your hand to dance. On these occasions
You must permit him, whether known or not.
Unknown, the usage of the time allows ;
If known, 'twere more discourteous to refuse.
Ser. My lord, 'twas chiefly upon your account
That I refus'd to dance with him ; if you
Desire it, I am ready.
Juan. How, my love,
On my account ?
Ser. Liking your company
Much better.
Juan. Nay, take the humour of the time,
And dance with him. (*Aside.*) I marvel who it is
That follows Serafina, and to whom,
The very indisposition that she shows,
Argues a kind of secret inclination.
Alv. Well, do you still reject me ?—
Ser. I am bidden
To dance with you ; what measure will you call ?
Alv. Play "Love lies bleeding !"
Ser. But why that ?—
Alv. Because
The spirit of the tune and of the words
Moves with my heart, and gives me leave beside

Amid its soft and slow divisions
To gaze on you and whisper in your ear.
(*A minuet by the Masks: during which* ALVARO *constantly whispers* SERAFINA, *who seems distrest; after some time, they return in the figure to the front of the Stage.*)

Ser. I've heard enough, sir; save for courtesy
Too much. No more.

Alv. Brief as the happiness
That once was mine! But—

Ser. Stay, sir, I will hear
No more. I had not danc'd with you at all,
But that I wish'd to tell you once for all
How hopeless is your passion—the great danger
Your coming hither put and puts me to,
And that not my honour only, but my life,
Depends upon your quitting me at once,
Now and for ever.

Alv. Serafina!

Ser. (*aloud*). I am tired;
Pardon me, friends, I cannot dance.

Juan. My love,
What is 't? Unwell?

Ser. I know not.

A Woman. Stop the ball!

Another. All in her honour too !
Another. What is the matter ?
Juan. You are but tir'd with dancing.
Ser. No, no, no,
Let us go home.
Juan. Pardon us, friends,
Continue you your revels ; we will go
Into the house awhile, and rest ; I think
The heat and dancing have distrest her much,
But she'll be better. To your dance again.
Come, Serafina. (*Aside.*) Leonelo ! hither !
Find out the Mask that with your lady danc'd.
Leon. I'll watch him to the world's end—or beyond,
If need be.
Juan. Good—Come, Serafina.
[*Exeunt* JUAN *and* SERAFINA.
Alv. So end my hopes for ever. Fool ! who seeking
For what once lost could never more be found,
Like to a child after a rainbow running—
Leaving my father, who had only just
Recover'd me to his old heart again,
Without adieu—equipp'd this Brigantine
(Down to the bottom may she go with me !)

In chase of this—not Serafina—no—
But this false Siren,
Who draws me with the music of her beauty,
To leave me in destruction.

Leon. (*watching him*). This must be some monk, who knows of some better entertainment elsewhere.

Alv. And after all,
Not one kind word of welcome or of thanks,
But that her life depended on my leaving her,
Who would for her have sacrificed my own
In any way but that. But it is done!
Henceforward I renounce all hope; henceforth—
And why not all despair?—the world is wide,
Eh, Fabio? and the good old saw says well
That fortune at the worst must surely mend.
Let us to sea, the ship is ready; come,
Away with all this foolery. (*Throws off mask, &c.*)

Leon. Here is a harlequin sailor!

Fabio. Well resolv'd.

Alv. Wear them what other fool may list,
I'll straight aboard, and if the wind and sea
Can rise as they were wont, I'll stretch all sail
Toward the perdition she consigns me to.
Halloa there! (*Whistles.*)

Enter SAILORS.

Sail. Captain ?

Alv. How is't for a cruise ?

Sail. Oh, never better ; just a breeze to keep
The ship from looking in her glass too long.

Alv. Aboard, aboard then ! Farewell all my hopes ;
My love, farewell for ever !

Voices (*within*). Fire ! fire ! fire !

Alv. What's this ?

Voices. Fire ! fire ! in Don Diego's palace !
Help ! help !

Alv. She there ! my life shall save the life
She said it jeopardied.

As he is going out, enter JUAN *with* SERAFINA *fainted in his arms.*

Juan. Friends ! Gentlemen ! if you would help in this calamity, take charge for a moment of this most precious thing of all, till I return.

Alv. (*taking* SERAFINA *in his arms*). Trust me, sir.

[JUAN *rushes off.*

Leon. Stop, my lord, stop a moment—he is gone, and this man—

Alv. Serafina in my arms! my ship at hand!
O love, O destiny!—aboard, aboard—
O 'tis the merriest proverb of them all,
How one man rises by his neighbour's fall.

[*Exit, carrying off* SERAFINA.

Leon. Halloa! stop him! stop him! it is my mistress; Don Juan! my lord! my lord! the rascal has carried her off! my lord! my lord!

[*Runs after* ALVARO.

1*st Voice in the crowd.* The fire is getting under.

2*nd Voice.* No lives lost?

3*rd Voice.* Only, they say, one poor girl of the lady Serafina's.

Enter DON JUAN *hurriedly.*

Juan. I thought I heard Leonelo calling me—But where is Serafina? This is the place—yes—Serafina? I left them here—taken her perhaps fainting as she was for help. Gentlemen, have you seen any here with a lady, fainted, in their charge—a sailor, I think?

1*st Man.* Not I, sir.

2*nd Man.* Nor I.

3*rd Man.* Stay, I think there were some sailors with a lady in their arms.

Juan. And where—

Enter LEONELO *breathless.*

Leon. Oh, my lord, my lord !

Juan. Speak !

Leon. The Mask who danced with my lady—

Juan. Where is she ?

Leon. Was the sailor you gave her in charge to—He has carried her off.

Juan. The Mask ! the sailor !

Leon. I saw him throw off his disguise, and now he has carried her off—to the shore—to sea—to the ship there now spreading her sails in the harbour.

Juan. Man ! beware lest I blast thee !

Leon. As if I were the sailor ! I tell you I ran after them, shouted, struggled, but was pushed aside, knocked down—

Juan. To the shore, to the shore ! follow me !

Voices. What is the matter ?

Juan. What I dare not name till it be avenged ; Pirate !—Ruffian ! Oh fool, I might have guessed—but I will find them through water and fire too. To the shore !

[*Exit* JUAN, LEONELO *after him ; confusion, &c.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in* DON LUIS' *country-house near Naples. Enter* DON LUIS *reading a letter.*

Luis. "You bid me tell you why it is Don Juan Roca has not written to you so long: and though it be pain to do so, I dare no longer defer answering you. At a carnival dance here, the palace of Don Diego de Cordona, in which the festival was held, took fire so suddenly, as people had much ado to escape with their lives. Don Juan's wife fainting from terror, he carried her out, and gave her in charge to a sailor standing near, while he himself returned to help at the fire. No doubt this sailor was a pirate: for he carried her off to his ship and set sail immediately. Don Juan returning and finding her gone rushes madly after; casts himself into the sea in his rage and desperation; is rescued half drowned, and taken to his house, from which he was missed—he and his servant Leonelo—some days ago, taking scarce any thing with him, and leaving no hint of whither he is gone. And since that hour we have heard nothing of him, or of Serafina."

My heart prevents my eyes from reading more.
O heavens ! to what chance and danger is
The fortune of the happiest, and still more
The honour of the noblest, liable !
Ill fortune we may bear, and, if we choose,
Sit folded in despair with dignity ;
But honour needs must wince before a straw,
And never rest until it be avenged.
To know where Juan is, and by his side
To put myself, and run all risk with him
Till he were righted, and the offender too,
I'd give my life and all I'm worth ; no corner
In the wide earth but we would ferret it,
Until—Porcia !

Enter PORCIA.

Por. Pray, sir, pardon me,
But I would know what vexes you, you stand
Angrily talking to yourself alone :
This letter in your hand—What is it, sir ?

Luis. Nothing, nothing, Porcia ; (for Juan's sake
I must dissemble)—Nay, I have received
A letter upon business that annoys me.

Por. I'm sorry, sir, for that, for I had come
To ask a favour of you.

Luis. Well, why not?

Por. They say that those who ask unseasonably
Must be content with a refusal.

Luis. Nay,
Between us two no season's out of season.

Por. So? then I'll ask. Alvaro—

Luis. All but that!
Ask me not that way.

Por. Then 'tis *not* the season.

Luis. The season for all else but that which never
Can be in season. How often have I told you
Never to speak to me again of him!

Por. What has my brother done, sir, after all,
To make you so inveterate?

Luis. What done!
To leave my house, to which I only just
Had welcomed him as only a father can,
Without adieu, or word of when or where,
And then as suddenly come back, forsooth,
Knock at my door, as if he had but made
A morning call, and think to find it open—
It and my heart—open to him as ever.

Por. But may not, sir, the thoughtlessness of youth
Be some excuse? Pray you remember, sir,
How on a sudden you yourself determin'd

To leave the cheerful city and come here,
Among dull woods and fields, and savage people ;
And surely 'twas no wonder that my brother
Should, ill advis'd, no doubt, but naturally,
Slip for a month back to the busy world
To which his very dangers had endear'd him.
And now to prove
How much he feels your anger and his fault,
Since his return he has lived quietly,
I might say almost *eremitically*,
Up in the mountain, yet more solitary
And still than this is, doing penance there.
Let me plead for him, sir ; let him come down,
To kiss your hand and see you once again.

Luis. He should be grateful to you, Porcia—
Well, let him come.

Por. Bless you for saying so !
I'll go myself to him this evening,
And tell him this good news.

Luis. Do so. Ah me !
That all were settled thus ! Did I but know
Where Juan is, and where his enemy ! [*Exit.*

Julia (*entering*). Well, madam, you have gain'd your point.

Por. Yes, Julia,

Two points ; for, first, my brother will come back ;
And, secondly, so doing, leave the old castle
At my disposal, where the Prince and I
May meet together in security.
I'll write to Alvaro now, and do you tell
The messenger who brought his letter hither,
I'll go this evening up the mountain. So
Belardo, the old porter,
Who knows and loves me well, will look for me,
And understand the purpose of my going.

Julia. Ah, now I see, beside his bow and arrows,
Love arms himself with trick and stratagem.

Por. And something else ; give me my Arquebuss ;
So, Love and I perchance, as says the song,
May hit a hart as we shall go along.

SCENE II. *A room in* DON LUIS' *castle in the hills.*—*Enter* ALVARO *and* FABIO.

Alv. How is't with Serafina ?

Fab. Nay, you know.
Ever the same.

Alv. You mean still weeping ?

Fab. Ay.

Alv. Yes, from the hour when, fainting in my arms,

She pass'd from raging flame to the wild seas,
And opening those heavenly eyes again,
Still with the hue of death upon her cheek,
She saw herself in my ship—in my power,—
She has not ceas'd to weep ; all my caresses
Unable to console her.
I fondly hoped that she—

Enter SERAFINA.

Ser. Good Fabio, [*Exit* FABIO.
Leave us awhile. "You fondly hoped," Alvaro—
So much I heard, connected with my name ;
And I perhaps have something on that text
Would clear the matter up to both of us.
"You fondly hoped"—was't not that I might be
So frail, so lost to shame, and so inconstant,
That for the loss of husband, home, and honour,
Lost in one day, I might console myself
With being in his arms, who robb'd me of all !
Was't this you hoped ?

Alv. No, Serafina, but—

Ser. But what ?

Alv. And yet perhaps 'twas that I hop'd—
The very desperation of my act
Bringing its pardon with it, soon or late,

Seeing, the very element of love
Is rashness, that he finds his best excuse
In having none at all. Ah, Serafina,
How greatly must he love, who all for love
Perils the hope of being loved at all !

Ser. Poor argument ! I rather draw that he
Who ventures on such desperate acts can have
No true respect for her he outrages,
And therefore no true love. No, daring traitor—
But I'll not strive to break the heart of flint,
But wear it with my tears. Hear me, Alvaro,
In pity—in mercy—hear me.
This thing is done, there is no remedy,
Let us not waste the time in arguing
What better had been done ; the stars so rul'd it—
Yea, providence that rules the stars. Well then,
What next ? Alvaro, I would speak of this ;
And if't be right I owe you any thing,
Be it for this one boon, a patient hearing.
Listen to me—
I never draw a breath but 'tis on fire
With Juan's vengeance ; never move a step
But think I see his fierce eyes glaring at me
From some dark corner of this desolate house
In which my youth is buried. And what gain *you*

By all this crime and misery? My body,
But not my soul; without possessing which,
Beauty itself is but a breathing corpse,
But a cold marble statue, unsuffus'd
With the responsive hue of sympathy,
Possess'd, but not enjoy'd.
Oh, ill betide that villain love, not love,
That all its object and affection finds
In the mere contact of encircling arms!
But if this move you not—consider, Alvaro—
Don Juan is a nobleman—as such
Bound to avenge his honour; he must know
'Twas you who did this monstrous act, for Flora
Would tell him all. There is one remedy:
'Tis this, that you, despairing of my love,
Which you can never gain—forego me quite,
And give me up to some cold convent's cloister,
Where buried I may wear away—

Alv. No more,
Rather than give you up again, Serafina,
Pray heaven's thunder— (*Shot within.*)

Ser. Again, this dreadful omen!
'Tis for my death!

Alv. Fear not—Belardo! ho!
What shot was that?

Enter BELARDO.

Bel. Your sister Porcia
Is coming up the mountain ; nay, is now
At the very gate.

Ser. O, whither must I go !

Alv. Belardo, lead her hence.

Bel. Not that way, sir,
By which your sister enters.

Alv. In here then.
I'll go and meet Porcia.

Ser. Mercy, heaven !

[*She goes in at one door, as* PORCIA *enters by another.*

Alv. How now, Porcia, you look pleased to-day !

Por. And well I may—for two reasons, Alvaro.

Alv. Well, what are they ?

Por. First, I have got my father to relax in his humour against you.

Alv. My good sister !

Por. So as he will see you at Bellaflor this very evening.

Alv. Good ! and your second reason ?

Por. That coming up the pass, I made the crowning shot of my life with this arquebuss—a hare at full speed—flying, I might say.

Alv. Give you joy of both your hits, Porcia.

Por. I am so proud of the last (though glad of the first, Alvaro) that I shall try my luck and skill a little longer about the castle this evening.

Alv. So—

Por. You will not wait for me, but go down at once to Bellaflor, and show my father you value his forgiveness by your haste to acknowledge it.

Alv. You say well ; but you will go with me ?

Por. Fear not, I shall soon be after you.

Alv. Well, if so, then—(*apart to* BELARDO,) Belardo, remember you get the lady to her room directly my sister is gone out.

Por. Our roads lie together as far as the gate at least. (*Aside to* BELARDO.) If the Prince happen to come hither, tell him to wait for me, Belardo ; I shall be back directly. Come, brother.

[*Exeunt* ALVARO *and* PORCIA.

Bel. They say a Pander is a good business ; and yet here am I ministering both to brother and sister with very little profit at the year's end.

Ser. (*entering cautiously*). Porcia's gone ?

Bel. Yes, she is gone.

Ser. Had she resolved on going into the room where I was she could have done it ; there was

neither key nor bolt within. But she is gone and I can get to my own.

Bel. No.

Ser. Belardo ! why ?

Bel. Some one coming.

Ser. Again ! [*She hides as before.*

Enter PRINCE.

Prince. How now, Belardo, where is your mistress ? she advised me her brother would be away, and she here this evening.

Bel. Your Highness comes in good time. She went with him, but will be back directly. She is here.

Enter PORCIA.

Por. Not far behind, you see. Scarce had he taken the turn to Bellaflor, when I turn'd back.

Prince. How shall I thank you for this favour ?

Por. My brother's living here has been the reason of our not meeting before : but that is remedied for the future.

Prince. And how ?

Por. He is at last reconciled to my father, and is even now gone home, to Bellaflor.

Prince (*aside*). My heart thanks you but little,

being away with another ; but if I cannot avenge memory, I will thus try and deceive or amuse it. My lovely Porcia !

Bel. (*aside*). She hears every word they say !

Por. Ah, you flatter still.

Prince. Flatter !

Por. Do I not know there is a Siren at Naples—

Prince. Porcia, to prove to you how unfounded that suspicion is, I have these many days wholly quitted Naples, and, out of a melancholy that has taken hold of me, now live retired in a little Villa hard by this : you may imagine at least one reason for my doing so. And so enchanted am I with my solitude, that till this evening (when you broke it as I could wish) I have not once stirred abroad ; my only occupation being to watch some pictures that I am having done, by the best masters of Italy and of Spain too ; one of which country I have happen'd on, who might compete with Apelles. As I told you, I have spent whole days in watching them at work.

Por. My jealousy whispered—

Enter BELARDO.

Bel. Unlucky to be sure.

Por. What now ?

Bel. What can make your brother return so suddenly ?

Por. My brother !

Bel. He is now at the gate.

Por. He must suspect the Prince ! O, my lord, hide yourself.

Prince. Where ?

Por. Any where !—quick ! here.

[*She puts him where* SERAFINA *is.*

Prince. For your sake, Porcia.

Enter ALVARO.

Alv. I cannot be easy till I am assured that Serafina—— Porcia here ?

Por. Alvaro !

Alv. You left me on a sudden ?

Por. I was tired, and came back for rest.

Alv. So—

Por. But you ?

Alv. I bethought me that, considering my father's late indisposition toward me, it were better you were at my side when I went to him.

Por. So—

Alv. So that if he should relapse into ill-humour, you know how to direct him.

Por. Well, shall we start again together ?

Alv. Is not that best ?

Por. As you please.

Alv. (*aside*). She will not then stumble on Serafina.

Por. (*aside*). I shall so get him out of the Prince's way.

[*Exeunt* PORCIA *and* ALVARO.

Bel. Now then the two imprison'd ones get out.

Enter the PRINCE, *and* SERAFINA, *her hand before her face.*

Ser. In vain—you shall not know me.

Prince. Nay, in vain
You try to be unknown.

Ser. Consider—

Prince. Nay,
Down with that little hand, too small a cloud
To hide the heaven of your beauty from me.
Lady, I know you—but one such. And know
That love himself has wrought a miracle,
To this unlikeliest place, by means unlikeliest,
Bringing us here together.

Bel. Only this was wanting to the plot ! The sister's gallant in love with the brother's mistress !

Ser. Generous Orsino ! if I try in vain
To hide me from you—wretched that I am
To have to hide at all—but the less wretched
Being unmaskt by your nobility—
I ask this mercy at your feet ; betray not
The secret chance has now betray'd to you.
I am a wretched woman, you a Prince.
Grant me this boon ; and yet one more, to leave me
To weep my miseries in solitude.

Prince. Madam, your prayer is not in vain. Your name,
Upon the word and honour of a Prince,
Shall never pass my lips.
And for that second wish, hardest of all,
I yet will pay for one delicious glance
The greatest price I can, by leaving you.
Farewell—you owe me more anxiety
Than you believe.

Ser. I shall not be asham'd
To own the debt, though hopeless to repay it.
But heav'n shall do that for me. Farewell, my lord.

Prince. Farewell. [*Exeunt* PRINCE *and* SERAFINA.

Bel. I wonder if they know the ancient line,
"I'll keep your secret, only you keep mine."

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The* PRINCE'S *Villa.—Enter* DON JUAN *in poor apparel; and* CELIO.

Cel. Your business with the Prince, sir?
Juan. Only to speak
About a picture I have finish'd for him.
Cel. He is not here at present; not, I think,
Return'd from hunting.
Juan. Will he soon be home?
Cel. I cannot speak to that, sir. [*Exit* CELIO.
Juan. Why, what a fate is mine!
All of a sudden—but I dare not say it;
Scarce could I of myself believe it, if
I told it to myself; so with some things
'Tis easier to bear, than hear of them;
And how much happens daily in this strange world,
Far easier to be done than be believed.
Who could have thought that I, being what I was
A few days back, am what I am; to this
Reduc'd by that name *Honour;* whose nice laws,
Accurst be he who framed!
Little he knew the essence of the thing
He legislated for, who put my honour
Into another's hand; made my free right
Another's slave, for others to abuse,

And then myself before the world arraign'd,
To answer for a crime against myself!
And one being vain enough to make the law,
How came the silly world to follow it,
Like sheep to their own slaughter! And in all
This silly world is there a greater victim
To its accursed custom than myself!

Enter LEONELO, *poorly drest.*

Leon. Yes, one,
Who follows your misfortunes, and picks up
The crumbs of misery that fall from you;
My chief subsistence now.
Juan. And I have left
Country and home to chase this enemy,
Of whom as yet no vestige—
Leon. And no wonder,
Seeing he travels with you.
Juan. In these rags—
Leon. And very hungry; and so we come at last
To Naples; for what purpose?
Juan. Why, if't be
Some former lover; would he not return
To his own country, and hers?
Leon. In which meanwhile

We starve, without a stiver in our pockets,
While friends swarm round us, if you would, my lord,
Reveal yourself.

Juan. Shorn of my honour? No!

Leon. And I, not being shorn of appetite,
Would publish my disgraceful want of food
To all the world. There is Don Luis now,
Your ancient friend.

Juan. What friend but, if he be
True to himself and me, must be my enemy,
And either wholly turn his face away,
Or look at me with pity and contempt?
I will reveal myself to no one, nay,
Reveal *myself* I cannot,—not myself
Until I be aveng'd.

Leon. And so you make
The painter's trade your stalking-horse,
To track your enemy, and in these rags
Come to the Prince.

Juan. Oh let me die in rags,
Rather than he should recognise me! Once
He saw me—

Leon. O my lord, fear not for that;
Hunger, and rags, and sleeplessness, and anguish,
Have chang'd you so your oldest friend would pass you.

Juan. They have that merit then. But see—the Prince.

Enter PRINCE.

I kiss your Highness' hand.
Prince. Well, Spaniard,
What would you with me?
Juan. I waited on your Highness,
To tell you of a picture I had finisht.
Thinking your Grace might like—
Prince. I thank you, sir,
What is the subject?
Juan. Hercules, my lord;
Wherein (unless I do deceive myself)
I think the fair and terrible are join'd
With some success.
Prince. As how?
Juan. As thus, my lord.
The point I have chosen in that history
Is where the faithless Centaur carries off
Deijanira, while beyond the river
Stands Hercules with such a face and gesture
As not a man, I think, who looks on it,
But would exclaim, "Jealousy and Revenge!"
Prince. I long to see it.

Juan. That is the main group ;
But far away, among the tangled thicks
Of a dark mountain gap, this Hercules
Fires his own funeral pile to the smoky clouds.
And I would have this motto for the whole,
"So Jealousy in its own flames expires."
Prince. Not only do I like the subject well,
But now especially, being deeply scorcht,
Not with the flame that burn'd up Hercules,
But that for which the unlucky Centaur died.
Juan. Indeed, my lord.
Prince. Indeed—and, having done
This picture for me, you shall set about
One other.
Juan. At your pleasure.
Prince. You shall know then,
That of a certain lady whom but once
I saw, and for a moment, I became
Infatuated so, her memory
Every where and for ever, day and night,
Pursues me. Hopeless of obtaining her,
And ev'n of ever seeing her again,
Chance has discover'd to me where she lives
Conceal'd—I know not why, but so it is—
And 'twould at least console my hopeless love,

To have her picture. You are a foreigner
Who know not nor are known by any here,
So I can better trust you with a secret
I dare not even to herself reveal.

Juan. I'll do my best to serve you ; but I fear,
If she be such a creature as you say,
That I shall fail to satisfy myself
Or you.

Prince. Why so ?

Juan. I tried at such a face
Once.

Prince. Nay, I know that beauty's subtlest essence
Is most impossible to seize. But yet
I shall commit this business to your hands
Most confidently.

Juan. I'll do my best.

Prince. Come then,
Remembering this business must be done
With all despatch and secrecy. Yourself
Must not be seen by her, nor I, who know not
(I told you) how or why she should be there ;
But my authority, and a little gold,
(At least, I hope,) shall set the door ajar,
That you may catch a sight of her. Myself
Will be at hand, and ready to protect you

Against all danger.

Juan. I will trust your Highness,
And also (let me say so) trust myself,
Although but a poor painter.

Prince. I believe it;
And each of us shall play his part, I think,
That neither shall depart unsatisfied. [*Exit* PRINCE.

Juan. Perhaps, but not as you suppose. Leonelo,
Put up my brushes and my colours, and—
My pistols with them.

Leon. Pistols! Is't to paint
In body colour?

Juan. Put them up.

Leon. And whither
Are we to carry them?

Juan. I do not know.
Whither the Prince shall carry me, I go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A room in* DON LUIS' *Villa.—Enter* LUIS *and* ALVARO.

Alv. Now, sir, that (thanks to Porcia) you have open'd
Your arms to me once more, I cannot rest
(So favour ever calls for favour) till

You tell me what the inward trouble is
That mars your outward feature. I was cause
Of so much trouble to you, that I dread
Lest of this also, which with troubled looks
You still keep speaking to yourself apart,
Like people in a play.

Luis. Alvaro, no.
Thank God, this trouble lies not at your door.
Let that suffice.

Alv. You will not trust me, sir ?

Luis. Why will you press me ? since you must be told,
It is about my friend—Don Juan Roca.

Alv. Don Juan !

Luis. Yes, Don Juan.

Alv. What of him ?
(I'll drink the cup at once !) (*aside*).

Luis. What evil star
Made him my friend !

Alv. Too true ! (*aside*). But what has happen'd ?

Luis. Why will you know ? and should I dare to tell
My friend's dishonour ? Well, no more than this—
Some wretch—some villain—some accursed—but
Be there bad name enough to brand him by,

I have not breath for it—nor is it well
For you or for myself—has ravisht from him
His wife, his Serafina.
And I, O God ! not able to avenge him !
Alv. (*aside*). Does he know all ? and knowing whose the crime,
Cannot, he says, avenge it on his son ?
Shall I then tell, and gain at least the grace
Of a confession ? Hear me, sir.
Luis. Nay, nay,
I know what you would say, how vain it is
To vex myself who cannot help my friend—
We neither knowing who the villain is,
Nor whither both are fled : heaven ! if we did,
I should not now be idly moaning here.
Alv. All's safe ! (*aside*). Nor I, sir ; give me but a clue,
(Not only for Don Juan's sake, but yours,)
I'll track the villain through the world.
Luis. Alvaro,
Your words are music to me.
Alv. Still, my father,
I will say what to say you said was vain.
Until some clue be found, let not this grief
Consume you so.

Luis. Such wounds are hard to heal.
Yet, quicken'd by your courage, and to show
How well I like your counsel—come, Alvaro,
I will with you to your hill castle there ;
That which has been your banishment so long,
Shall witness now our reconciliation.
We'll go this evening—now—together.
Alv. Good, sir.
But pardon me, let me go on before
To apprize Belardo of your going thither—
And also Serafina ! (*apart*). [*Exit.*
Luis. Be it so !
Julia (*entering*). My lord, Don Pedro is without, and fain
Would speak to you.
Luis. Admit him, Julia.
The wound re-opens—Serafina's father !
No doubt upon what errand.
Enter DON PEDRO.
Ped. Ah, Don Luis,
Your arms ! (*They embrace.*)
Luis. Don Pedro, I must surely thank
The cause to which my poor retirement owes
This honour.
Ped. Yet a thankless cause, Don Luis.

These many days I have heard nothing of
Don Juan and my daughter ; they neither write
Themselves, nor any one to whom I write
To ask about them answers to the purpose.
What may this mean ? I have come hither thinking
That you, who are the model of all friends,
May deal more clearly with me. You may think
What I endure from this suspense. In mercy
Relieve me from it quickly.

Luis (*aside*). Poor old man ;
What shall I say ? tell his grey hairs at once
The ruin of his honour and his love ?

Ped. You pause, my lord !

Luis. And yet I need not wonder,
I nothing hear of them if you do not.

Ped. And you know nothing of them ?

Enter PORCIA *hurriedly*.

Por. Sir, I hear
You are going (are you not ?) this evening
To the castle, with my brother.
But who is this ?

Ped. Ever your slave, sweet lady.

Por. Oh, pardon me, my lord.

Luis. Nay, pardon *me*
That I cut short your compliments, Porcia.

(This interruption, come so opportune,
Shall carry what ill news I have to tell
Into the open air at least.) Don Pedro,
I am going to the mountain, as she says ;
You to the city ; for some way at least
Our roads are one, and I would talk with you
About this business without interruption.
Will't please you come ?

Ped. Your pleasure's mine. Adieu,
Fair lady.

Por. Farewell, sir.

Luis. Porcia, you
Will follow in the carriage. [*Exeunt* LUIS *and* PEDRO.

Por. And should go
More gladly, were my lover there to meet me. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *The garden under* ALVARO's *castle.—A large grated door in the centre.—Enter* PRINCE, JUAN, LEONELO, *and* BELARDO.

Prince (*to* BELARDO). You know your office ; take this diamond by way of thanks.

Bel. I know little of diamonds but that they sell for less than you give for them. But this [*to* JUAN] is to be your post.

Juan. I am ready.

Prince. Remember, Spaniard, it is for *me* you run this hazard, if there be any ; I shall be close at hand to protect you. Be not frightened.

Juan. Your Highness does not know me : were it otherwise, danger cannot well appal him whom sorrows like mine have left alive.

Bel. And, another time—dobloons, not diamonds.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE *and* LEONELO.

Here she mostly comes of an evening, poor lady, to soothe herself, walking and sitting here by the hour together. This is where you are to be. Go in ; and mind you make no noise.

[*Puts* JUAN *into the grated door, and locks it.*

Juan (*through the grated window*). But what are you about ?

Bel. Locking the door to make all sure.

Juan. But had it not better be unlockt in case—

Bel. Hush ! she comes.

Juan. My palette then.

Enter SERAFINA.

Ser. How often and how often do I draw
My resolution out upon one side,
And all my armed sorrows on the other,

To fight the self-same battle o'er again !

Juan. He stands in the way ; I cannot see her face.

Bel. Still weeping, madam ?

Ser. Wonder not, Belardo :
The only balm I have. You pity me :
Leave me alone then for a while, Belardo ;
The breeze that creeps along the whispering trees
Makes me feel drowsy.

Juan (*to* BELARDO, *whispering*). She turns her head away,
I cannot see her still.

Ser. What noise was that ?

Bel. Madam ?

Ser. I thought I heard a whisper.

Bel. Only
The breeze, I think. If you would turn this way,
I think 'twould blow upon you cooler.

Ser. Perhaps it will.
Thank you. I am very miserable and very weary.

Bel. She sleeps : that is the lady.
Make most of time. [*Exit.*

Juan. Yes. Now then for my pencil.
Serafina ! found at last ! Whose place is this ?
The Prince ? no ! But the stray'd lamb being here,
The wolf is not far off. She sleeps ! I thought

The guilty never slept : and look, some tears
Still lingering on the white rose of her cheek.
Be those the drops, I wonder,
Of guilty anguish, or of chaste despair ?
This death-like image is the sculptor's task,
Not mine.
Or is it I who sleep, and dream all this,
And dream beside, that once before I tried
To paint that face—the daylight drawing in
As now—and when somehow the lamp was out,
A man—I fail'd : and what love fail'd to do,
Shall hate accomplish ? She said then, if ever
She suffer'd me to draw her face again,
Might she die for it. Into its inmost depth
Heav'n drew that idle word, and it returns
In thunder.

Ser. (*dreaming*). Juan! Husband ! on my knees.
Oh Juan—slay me not !

Enter ALVARO ; *she wakes and rushes to him.*

Alvaro,
Save me, oh save me from him !

Alv. So the wretch
Thrives by another's wretchedness. My love !

Juan. Alvaro, by the heavens !

Alv. Calm yourself;
You must withdraw awhile. Come in with me.

Juan. Villain !

Ser. (*clinging to* ALVARO). What's that ?

Juan (*shaking at the door*). The door is fast ;
Open it, I say !—
Then die—thou and thy paramour !

[*Shoots a pistol at each through the grating.—Both fall :* SERAFINA *into the arms of* BELARDO, *who has come in during the noise.—Then directly enter* DON LUIS, PEDRO, PORCIA.

Luis. What noise is this ?

Ser. My father !—in your arms
To die ;—not by your hand—Forgive me—Oh !
[*Dies.*

Ped. (*taking her in his arms*). My Serafina !

Luis. And Alvaro !

Alv. Ay,
But do not curse me now ! [*Dies.*

Enter the PRINCE *and* LEONELO.

Leon. They must have found him out.

Prince. Whoever dares
Molest him, answers it to me. Open the door.
But what is this ? [BELARDO *unlocks the door.*

Juan (*coming out*). A picture—
Done by the Painter of his own Dishonour
In blood.
I am Don Juan Roca. Such revenge
As each would have of me, now let him take,
As far as one life holds. Don Pedro, who
Gave me that lovely creature for a bride,
And I return to him a bloody corpse ;
Don Luis, who beholds his bosom's son
Slain by his bosom friend ; and you, my lord,
Who, for your favours, might expect a piece
In some far other style of art than this :
Deal with me as you list ; 'twill be a mercy
To swell this complement of death with mine ;
For all I had to do is done, and life
Is worse than nothing now.

Prince. Get you to horse,
And leave the wind behind you.

Luis. Nay, my lord,
Whom should he fly from ? not from me at least,
Who lov'd his honour as my own, and would
Myself have help'd him in a just revenge,
Ev'n on an only son.

Ped. I cannot speak,
But I bow down these miserable gray hairs

To other arbitration than the sword ;
Ev'n to your Highness' justice.

Prince. Be it so.
Meanwhile—

Juan. Meanwhile, my lord, let me depart ;
Free, if you will, or not. But let me go,
Nor wound these fathers with the sight of one
Who has cut off the blossom of their age :
Yea, and his own, more miserable than all.
They know me ; that I am a gentleman,
Not cruel, nor without what seem'd due cause
Put on this bloody business of my honour ;
Which having done, I will be answerable
Here and elsewhere, to all for all.

Prince. Depart
In peace.

Juan. In peace ! Come, Leonelo.

[*He goes out slowly, followed by* LEONELO : *and the curtain falls.*

Some alterations of this play were made with a view to the English stage, where, spite of the slightness of many parts, I still think it might be tried.

Its companion play, the *Medico de su Honra*, is far more famous ; has some more terrible, perhaps some finer, situations ; but inferior, I think, in variety of scene, character, and incident.

It may add a little to the reader's interest, as it did to mine, to learn from Mr. Ticknor, that Calderon wrote a "*Tratado defendiendo la nobleza de la Pintura*."

KEEP YOUR OWN SECRET

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Alexander,	*Prince of Parma.*
Nisida,	*his Sister.*
Don Cesar,	*his Secretary.*
Don Arias, Don Felix,	*Gentlemen of the Court.*
Donna Anna,	*Sister to Don Felix.*
Elvira,	*her Maid.*
Lazaro,	*Don Cesar's Servant.*

KEEP YOUR OWN SECRET

ACT I

SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace.—Enter the* PRINCE ALEXANDER, *and* DON ARIAS.

PRINCE. I saw her from her carriage, Arias,
As from her East, alight, another sun
New ris'n, or doubling him whose envious ray
Seem'd, as I watch'd her down the corridor,
To swoon about her as she mov'd along ;
Until, descending tow'rd my sister's room,
She set, and left me hesitating like
Some traveller who with the setting sun
Doth fear to lose his way ; her image still,
Lost from without, dazzling my inner eye—
Can this be love, Don Arias ? if not,
What is it ? something much akin to love.

Ar. But had you not, my lord, often before
Seen Donna Anna ?

Prince. Often.

Ar. Yet till now
Never thus smitten ! how comes that, my lord ?

Prince. Well askt — though ignorantly. Know you not
That not an atom in the universe
Moves without some particular impulse
Of heaven ? What yesterday I might abhor,
To-day I may delight in : what to-day
Delight in, may as much to-morrow hate.
All changes ; 'tis the element the world,
And we who live there, move in. Thus with me ;
This lady I have often seen before,
And, as you say, was ne'er a sigh the worse,
Until to-day ; when, whether she more fair,
Or I less blind, I know not—only know
That she has slain me ; though to you alone
Of all my friends I would my passion own.

Ar. Much thanks ; yet I must wonder, good my lord,
First, that in all your commerce with Don Cupid
You never, I think, dealt seriously till now.

Prince. Perhaps : but if Don Cupid, Arias,
Never yet tempted me with such an offer ?
Besides, men alter ; princes who are born

To greater things than love, nevertheless
May at his feet their sovereignty lay down
Once in their lives ; as said the ancient sage—
"He were a fool who had not done so once,
Though he who does so twice is twice a fool."

Ar. So much for that. My second wonder is,
That you commit this secret to *my* keeping ;
An honour that, surpassing my desert,
Yea, and ambition, frights me. Good my lord,
Your secretary, Don Cesar,—
To whom you almost trust the government
Of your dominions,—whom you wholly love,
I also love, and would not steal from him
A confidence that is by right his own ;
Call him, my lord : into his trusty heart
Pour out your own ; let not my loyalty
To you endanger what I owe to him ;
For if you lay't on me—

Prince. Don Arias,
I love Don Cesar with as whole a heart
As ever. He and I from infancy
Have grown together ; as one single soul
Our joys and sorrows shar'd ; till finding him
So wise and true, as to another self
Myself, and my dominion to boot,

I did intrust : you are his friend, and surely
In honouring you I honour him as well.
Besides, Arias, I know not how it is,
For some while past a change has come on him ;
I know not what the cause : he is grown sad,
Neglects his business—if I call to him,
He hears me not, or answers from the purpose,
Or in mid answer stops. And, by the way,
We being on this subject, I would fain,
Being so much his friend, for both our sakes,
You would find out what ails and occupies him ;
Tell him from me to use my power as ever,
Absolute still : that, loving him so well,
I'd know what makes him so unlike himself ;
That, knowing what it is, I may at least,
If not relieve his sorrow, share with him.

Ar. Oh, not unjustly do you bear the name
Of Alexander, greater than the great
In true deserts !

Enter LAZARO (*with a letter*).

Laz. Not here ? my usual luck ; had I bad news to tell my master, such as would earn me a broken head, I should find him fast enough ; but now when I have such a letter for him as must bring me a hand-

some largess, oh, to be sure he's no where to be found. But I'll find him if I go to—

Prince. How now? Who's there?

Laz. The Prince!—Mum! (*hides the letter and turns to go*).

Prince. Who is it, I say?

Ar. A servant, my lord, of Don Cesar's, looking for his master, I suppose.

Prince. Call him back; perhaps he can tell us something of his master's melancholy.

Ar. True, my lord. Lazaro!

Laz. Eh?

Ar. His Highness would speak with you.

Prince. Come hither, sir.

Laz. Oh, my lord, I do well enough here: if I were once to kiss your Highness' feet, I could not endure common shoe-leather for a month to come.

Ar. His humour must excuse him.

Prince. You are Don Cesar's servant, are you?

Laz. Yes, one of your trinity; so please you.

Prince. Of my trinity, how so?

Laz. As thus; your Highness is one with Don Cesar; I am one with him; ergo—

Prince. Well, you are a droll knave. But stop, stop: whither away so fast?

Laz. Oh, my lord, I am sure you will have none of so poor an article as myself, who am already the property of another too.

Prince. Nay, I like your humour, so it be in season. But there is a time for all things. I want you now to answer me seriously and not in jest: and tell me the secret of your master's melancholy, which I feel as my own. But perhaps he is foolish who looks for truth in the well of a jester's mouth.

Laz. But not so foolish as he who should throw it there. And therefore since my master is no fool, it is unlikely he should have committed his mystery to me. However, in my capacity of *Criado*, whose first commandment it is, "Thou shalt reveal thy master's weakness as thy own," I will tell you what I have gathered from stray sighs and interjections of his on the subject. There has lately come over from Spain a certain game of great fashion and credit called Ombre. This game Don Cesar learned; and, playing at it one day, and happening to hold Basto, Malilla, Spadille, and Ace of Trumps in his hand, stood for the game; and lost. On which he calls out "foul play," leaves the party, and goes home. Well, at night, I being fast asleep in my room, comes he to me in his shirt, wakes me up, and, dealing cards

as it were with his hands, says, "If I let this trick go, I am embeasted for that, and besides put the lead into the enemy's hand; therefore I trump with one of my matadores, and then I have four hearts, of which the ten-ace *must* make, or else let them give me back my nine cards as I had them before discarding." And this I take it is the cause of his dejection.[1]

Prince. The folly of asking you has been properly chastised by the folly of your answer. You are right; Don Cesar would never have intrusted with a grave secret one only fit for idle jest.

Laz. Ah, they are always importing some nonsense or other from Spain. God keep your Highness; I will take warning not to intrude my folly upon you any more (until you try again to worm some truth out of me). [*Aside and exit.*

Prince. A droll fellow! Were one in the humour, he might amuse.

[1] I will not answer for the accuracy of my version of this dilemma at Ombre: neither perhaps could Lazaro for his: which, together with the indifference (I presume) of all present readers on the subject, has made me indifferent about it. Cesar, I see, starts with almost the same fine hand Belinda had, who also was

"*Just in the jaws of ruin and Codille,*"

as he was, but, unlike him, saved by that unseen king of hearts that

"*Lurk'd in her hand and mourn'd his captive queen.*"

Ar. Oh, you will always find him in the same, whenever you are in the mood. He cannot be sad.

Prince. He cannot be very wise then.

Ar. He is as God made him. Did you never hear any of his stories?

Prince. I think not.

Ar. He will hardly tell you one of himself that yet might amuse you. He was one day playing at dice with me; lost all his money; and at last pawned his very sword, which I would not return him, wishing to see how he got on without. What does he but finds him up an old hilt, and clapping on a piece of lath to that, sticks it in the scabbard. And so wears it now.

Prince. We will have some amusement of him by and by.

Alas! in vain I hope with idle jest
To cool the flame that rages in my breast.
Go to Don Cesar: get him to reveal
The sorrows that he feeling I too feel.
I'll to my sister; since, whether away,
Or present, Donna Anna needs must slay,
I will not starve with absence, but e'en die
Burn'd in the sovereign splendour of her eye.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. *A Room in* DON CESAR'S *House.—Enter* DON CESAR *and* LAZARO *meeting.*

Laz. A letter, sir, Elvira just gave me.

Ces. A letter! Give it me. How long have you had it?

Laz. I looked for you first at the Prince's.

Ces. Where I was not?

Laz. You know it! I am always looking for what cannot be found in time. But if you like the letter I shall claim my largess for all that.

Ces. Ah! what does she say?

Laz. The folly, now, of a man with his watch in his hand asking other people for the time of day!

Ces. My heart fails me. Even if your news be good it comes late. [*He reads the letter.*

Laz. So let my reward then—only let it come at last.

Ces. O Lazaro, half drunk with my success,
I lose my wits when most I've need of them.
She writes to me, my lady writes to me
So sweetly, yea, so lovingly;
Methinks I want to tear my bosom open,
And lay this darling letter on my heart.
Where shall I shrine it?

Laz. Oh, if that be all,
Keep it to patch your shoe with ; I did so once
When some such loving lady writ to me,
And it did excellently ; keeping tight
Her reputation, and my shoe together.

Ces. O Lazaro ! good Lazaro ! take for this
The dress I wore at Florence.

Laz. Bless you, sir.

Ces. My letter ! oh my lady !

Laz. I bethink me
Upon remembrance, sir, as I may say,
The pockets of that dress were very large
And empty.

Ces. They shall be well lined. Don Arias !

Enter Don Arias.

Ar. Ay, Cesar, Arias coming to complain
On his own score, and that of one far greater.

Ces. A solemn preamble. But for the charge,
And him who heads it.

Ar. The Prince, our common Lord,
Who much perplext and troubled too, Don Cesar,
About the melancholy that of late
(No need say more of that which best you know)

Has clouded over you, has askt of me
Whom he will have to be your bosom friend,
The cause of it.—Alas, 'tis very plain
I am not what he thinks.—Well, I am come,
Say not as friend, but simple messenger,
To ask it of yourself.

Ces. You do yourself
And me wrong, Arias ; perchance the Prince—
But yet say on.

Ar. His Highness bids me say
That if your sadness rise from any sense
Of straiten'd power, whatever residue
Of princely rule he hitherto reserved,
He gives into your hands ; as sov'reign lord
To govern his dominions as your own.
Thus far his highness. For myself, Don Cesar,
Having no other realm to lord you of
Than a true heart, I'd have you think betimes,
That, deep as you are rooted in his love,
Nay, may be all the more for that, he feels
Your distaste to his service, and himself:
I'd have you think that all a subject's merits,
However highly heap'd, however long,
Still are but heaps of sand, that some new tide
Of royal favour may wash clean away,

One little error cancelling perhaps
The whole account of life-long services.
Be warn'd by me ; clear up your heavy brow,
And meet his kind looks with a look as kind,
Whatever cloud be on the heart within :
If not your friend, Don Cesar, as your servant
Let me implore you.

Ces. Oh, Don Arias,
I kiss his Highness' feet, and your kind hands
That bring his favours to me : and to each
Will answer separately. First, to him ;—
Tell him I daily pray that Heav'n so keep
His life, that Time, on which his years are strung,
Forget the running count ; and, secondly,
Assure him, Arias, the melancholy
He speaks of not a jot abates my love
Of him, nor my alacrity in his service ;
Nay, that 'tis nothing but a little cloud
In which my books have wrapt me so of late
That, duty done, I scarce had time or spirit
Left to enjoy his gracious company :
Perhaps too, lest he surfeit of my love,
I might desire by timely abstinence
To whet his liking to a newer edge.
Thus much for him. For you, Don Arias,

Whose equal friendship claims to be repaid
In other coin, I will reveal to you
A secret scarcely to myself confest,
Which yet scarce needs your thanks, come at a moment
When my brimm'd heart had overflow'd in words,
Whether I would or no. Oh, Arias,
Wonder not then to see me in a moment
Flying from melancholy to mere joy,
Between whose poles he ever oscillates,
Whose heart is set in the same sphere with mine :
Which saying, all is said. I love, my friend ;
How deeply, let this very reticence,
That dare not tell what most I feel, declare.
Yes, I have fixt my eyes upon a star ;
Toward which to spread my wings ev'n against hope,
Argues a kind of honour. I aspir'd,
And (let not such a boast offend the ears,
That of themselves have open'd to my story,)
Not hopelessly : the heav'n to which I pray'd
Answer'd in only listening to my vows ;
Such daring not defeated not disdain'd.
Two years I worshipp'd at a shrine of beauty,
That modesty's cold hand kept stainless still ;
Till wearied, if not mov'd by endless prayers,

She grants them ; yea, on this most blessed day,
With this thrice blessed letter. You must see it,
That your felicitations by rebound
Double my own ; the first victorious trophy
That proud ambition has so humbly won.
Oh Arias, 'tis much I have to tell,
And tell you too at once ; being none of those
Who overmuch entreaty make the price
Of their unbosoming ; who would, if they knew
In what the honour of their lady lies,
Name her at once, or seal their lips for ever.
But you are trusty and discreet : to you
I may commit my heart ; beseeching you
To keep this love-song to yourself alone,
Assigning to the Prince, remember this,
My books sole cause of my abstraction.
Donna Anna de Castelvi—
(I can go on more freely now the name
Of her I worship bars my lips no more,)
Is she who so divides me from myself,
That what I say I scarcely know, although
I say but what I feel : the melancholy
You ask about, no gloomy sequestration
Out of the common world into a darker,
But into one a thousand times more bright ;

And let no man believe he truly loves,
Who lives, or moves, or thinks, or hath his being
In any other atmosphere than Love's,
Who is our absolute master ; to recount
The endless bead-roll of whose smiles and tears
I'd have each sleepless night a century.
Much have I said—have much more yet to say !
But read her letter, Arias, the first seal
Of my success, the final one, I think,
Of my sure trust in you ; come, share with me
My joy, my glory, my anxiety ;
And above all things, once more, Arias,
Down to your secret'st heart this secret slip ;
For every secret hangs in greater fear
Between the speaker's mouth and hearer's ear
Than any peril between cup and lip.

Ar. You have good cause for joy.

Ces. You will say so
When you have read the letter.

Ar. You desire it. (*Reads.*)
"To confess that one is loved is to confess that one loves too ; for there is no woman but loves to be loved. But alas, there is yet more. If to cover my love I have pretended disdain, let the shame of now confessing it excuse me. Come to me this evening

and I will tell you what I can scarce understand myself. Adieu, my love, adieu ! "

Your hands are full indeed of happy business.

Ces. Enough : you know what you shall tell the Prince
In my behalf : if he be satisfied
I'll wait on him directly.

Ar. Trust to me.

Ces. Let my sighs help thee forward, O thou sun
What of thy race in heaven remains to run :
Oh do but think that Dafne in the west
Awaits thee, and anticipate thy rest !

[*Exeunt* CESAR *and* LAZARO.

Ar. Charg'd with two secrets,
One from my Prince the other from my friend,
Each binding equally to silence, each
Equally the other's revelation needing,
How shall I act, luckless embosomer
Of other's bosoms ! how decide between
Loyalty and love with least expense to both !
The Prince's love is but this morning's flower,
As yet unsunn'd on by his lady's favour ;
Cesar's of two years' growth, expanded now
Into full blossom by her smiles and tears ;
The Prince too loves him whom his lady loves,

And were he told, might uncontested leave
The prize that one he loves already owns ;
And so both reap the fruit, and make the excuse
Of broken silence, if it needs must break.
And yet I grope about, afraid to fall
Where ill-advised good-will may ruin all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Corridor in the Palace.—Enter* PRINCE, DON FELIX, DONNA ANNA, *and train.*

Prince. I must show you the way.

Anna. Your Highness must not do yourself so great indignity.

Prince. To the bounds at least of my sister's territory.

Anna. Nay, my lord, that were undue courtesy.

Prince. What courtesy, madam, can be undue from any man to any lady ?

Anna. When that lady is your subject, whom your very condescension dazzles to her own discomfiture.

Prince. What, as the morning star dazzles the sun whom he precedes as petty harbinger ? If I obey you 'tis that I fear my own extinction in your rays. Adieu.

Anna. God keep your Highness. [*Exit.*

Prince. Don Felix, will you attend your sister ?

Felix. I only stay to thank your Highness, (both as subject and as servant,) for all the honour that you do us ; may Heaven so prolong your life that even oblivion herself—

Prince. Nay, truce to compliment : your sister will not of my company, unless under your proxy. So farewell. [*Exit* FELIX.] Is there a greater nuisance than to have such windy nonsense stuff'd into one's ears, when delight is vanished from the eyes !

Enter ARIAS.

But, Don Arias ! You have seen Cesar ?

Ar. Yes, my lord ; but ere I tell you about him, would know how far this last interview with Donna Anna has advanced your love.

Prince. Oh Arias, Arias, my love for her
So blends with my solicitude for him,
I scarce can hold me clear between the two.
Yet let me tell you. In my sister's room,
Whither I went, you know, upon our parting,
I saw my lady like a sovereign rose
Among the common flowers ; or, if you will,
A star among the roses ; or the star

Of stars, the morning star : yea, say at once
The sun himself among the host of heaven !
My eyes and ears were rapt with her ; her lips
Not fairer than the words that came from them.
At length she rose to go : like the ev'ning star
Went with the ev'ning ; which, how short, say love
Who'd spin each golden moment to a year,
Which year would then seem than a moment less.
Ar. Is then, my lord, this passion so deep fixt ?
Prince. Nay, but of one day's growth—
Ar. I come in time then,
My lord, in one word, if you love Don Cesar,
Cease to love Donna Anna.
Prince. Arias,
He who begins to hint at any danger
Is bound to tell it out—nothing, or all.
Why do you hesitate ?
Ar. Because, my lord,
But hinting this to you, I break the seal
Of secrecy to him.
Prince. But it is broken ;
And so—
Ar. Oh, Cesar, pardon him who fails
His pledge to you to serve his Prince ! My lord,
The cloud you long have seen on Cesar's brow,

Is not, as he would have you think it, born
Of bookish studies only, but a cloud,
All bright within, though dark to all without,
Of love for one he has for two long years
Silently worshipt.

Prince. Donna Anna !

Ar. Ay.

Prince. Cesar loves Donna Anna ! be it so—
I love him, as you say, and would forego
Much for his sake. But tell me, Arias,
Knows Anna of his passion ?

Ar. Yes, my lord,
And answers it with hers.

Prince. Oh wretched fate !
Desperate ere jealous—jealous ere in love !
If Cesar but lov'd her, I could, methinks,
Have pardon'd, even have advanc'd his suit
By yielding up my own. But that *she* loves,
Blows rivalry into full blaze again.
And yet I will not be so poor a thing
To whine for what is now beyond my reach,
Nor must the princely blood of Parma
Run jealous of a subject's happiness.
They love each other then ?

Ar. I even now

Have seen a letter—

Prince. Well ?

Ar. That Donna Anna

Has written him, and in such honey'd words—

Prince. Why, is it not enough to know she loves him ?

You told me so : my mind made up to that,
Why should a foolish letter fright it back ?
And yet—yet, what last spark of mortal love
But must flame up before it dies for ever
To learn but what that foolish letter said !
Know you ?

Ar. I saw it.

Prince. You saw it ! and what said it ?

Ar. After a chaste confession of her love,
Bidding him be to-night under her lattice.

Prince. Under her lattice, while his Prince is left
Abroad ; they two to whisper love together,
While he gnaws hopeless jealousy alone.
But why, forsooth, am I to be the victim ?
If I can quench my love for Cesar's sake,
Why not he his for me ? Tell me, Don Arias,
Does Cesar know my passion ?

Ar. How should he,

You having told the secret but to me ?

Prince. By the same means that I know his.
Ar. My lord,
My loyalty might well be spar'd that taunt.
Prince. Ah, Arias, pardon me, I am put out,
But not with you, into whose faithful charge
I vest my love and honour confidently.
Enough, in what I am about to do
I mean no malice or ill play to Cesar :
'Tis but an idle curiosity :
And surely 'tis but fair, that if his Prince
Leave him the lists to triumph in at leisure,
I may at least look on the game he wins.
You shall keep close to him, and tell me all
That passes between him and her I love.
Ar. But having taunted me with my first step
In your behalf, my lord—
Prince. Nay, sir, my will
At once absolves and authorizes you,
For what is told and what remains to tell.
Ar. But, sir—
Prince. No more—
Ar. I must obey your bidding,
But yet—
Prince. I may divert my jealousy,
If not avenge it.

Ar. Ah! what straits do those
Who cannot keep their counsel fall into!

Prince. All say so, and all blab, like me and you!
Look where he comes; let us retire awhile.

[PRINCE *and* ARIAS *retire.*

Enter CESAR *and* LAZARO.

Ces. O Phœbus, swift across the skies
Thy blazing carriage post away;
Oh, drag with thee benighted day,
And let the dawning night arise!
Another sun shall mount the throne
When thou art sunk beneath the sea;
From whose effulgence, as thine own,
The affrighted host of stars shall flee.

Laz. A pretty deal about your cares
Does that same Phœbus care or know;
He has to mind his own affairs,
Whether you shake your head or no.
You talk of hastening on the day?
Why heaven's coachman is the Sun,
Who can't be put out of his way
For you, sir, or for any one.

Ces. The Prince! and something in my bosom tells me

All is not well. My lord, though my repentance
Does not, I trust, lag far behind my fault,
I scarce had dar'd to approach your Highness' feet,
Had not my friend, Don Arias, been before
As harbinger of my apology.

Prince. Cesar, indeed Don Arias has told me
The story of your sadness : and so well,
I feel it, and excuse it, as my own ;
From like experience. I do not resent,
But would divert you from it. Books, my friend,
Truly are so seductive company,
We are apt to sit too long and late with them,
And drowse our minds in their society ;
This must not be ; the cause of the disease
Once known, the cure is easy ; if 'tis books
Have hurt you, lay them by awhile, and try
Other society—less learn'd perhaps,
But cheerfuller—exchange the pent-up air
Of a close study for the breathing world.
Come, we'll begin to-night ;
Visit in disguise (as I have wish'd to do)
The city, its taverns, theatres, and streets,
Where music, masque, and dancing may divert
Your melancholy : what say you to this ?

Ces. Oh, my kind lord, whose single word of pardon

Has turn'd all leaden grief to golden joy,
Made me another man, or, if you will,
The better self I was—
Prince. Why this is well;
To-night together then—
Ces. Yet pardon me.
Prince. How now?
Ces. It almost would revive my pain
That you should spend yourself upon a cure
Your mere forgiveness has already wrought.
Let this day's happiness suffice the day,
And its night also: 'twill be doubly sweet,
Unbought by your annoyance.
Prince. Nay, my Cesar,
Fear not for that: after so long estrangement,
My pain would be the losing sight of you
On this first night of your recovery.
Lazaro!
Laz. My lord?
Prince. You too shall go with us.
Laz. And not a trustier shall your Highness find
To guard your steps.
Prince. What! you are valiant?
Laz. As ever girded sword.
Prince. Your weapon good too?

Laz. He touches on the quick (*aside*). Yes, good enough,
My lord, for all my poor occasions.
Although when waiting on your Grace, indeed,
A sword like yours were better.
Prince. You depreciate
Your own to enhance its value. Sharp is't ?
Laz. Ay,
Not a steel buckler but at the first blow
'Twould splinter it in two. (The sword I mean.)
[*Aside.*
Prince. Well temper'd ?
Laz. As you bid it.
Prince. And the device
Inscrib'd upon it ?
Laz. "Thou shalt do no murder"—
Having no love for homicide, *per se*,
Save on occasion.
Prince. Your description
Makes me desire to see that sword.
Laz. My lord ?
Prince. Indeed it does. Show it me.
Laz. Oh, my lord,
I have a vow.
Ces. (*aside*). Oh weariness !

Prince. A vow ?

Laz. Ay, register'd in heaven !
Never to draw this weapon from her sheath
Except on mortal quarrel. If in such
Your Highness' service challenge her, why, then
She shall declare herself.

Ces. I'm desperate !
But yet one effort more. My lord, you see
(You cannot fail) how your mere word of grace
Has of itself brighten'd me up again ;
I do beseech you—

Prince. Pardon me, my Cesar,
Rather I see the cloud that 'gins to break
Is not entirely gone ; nay, will return
If you be left alone—which must not be :
If not for your sake, Cesar, yet for mine,
Who feel for your disquiet as my own ;
And since our hearts are knit so close together,
Yours cannot suffer but mine straightway feels
A common pain ; seek we a common cure.
To-night I shall expect you. Until then,
Farewell. [*Exit.*

Ces. Fortune ! to see a fair occasion
So patiently pursued, so fairly won,
Lost at the very moment of success !

O Lazaro—what will my lady say ?

Laz. That I can't guess.

Ces. What will she do ?

Laz. Oh that

Is answer'd far more easily. She'll stand
All night beside the window to no purpose.

Ces. Why she must say my love was all pretence,
And her offended dignity vindicate,
Rejecting me for ever ! Misery !

Laz. Dear me, sir, what is now become of all
About, "Thou dawning night, benighted day."
"Thou coachman sun !" etcetera ?

Ces. Wilt thou be ever fool ?

Laz. If thou be not,

Listen—fools' bolts, they say, are quickly shot—
Who secrets have and cannot hold 'em,
Shall surely rue the day they told 'em.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Public Square in Parma.—Night.—Enter* PRINCE, CESAR, FELIX, ARIAS, *and* LAZARO, *disguised.*

Ar. A lovely night !

Prince. As Night we choose to call,

When Day's whole sun is but distributed
Into ten thousand stars.
Fel. Beside the moon,
Who lightly muffled like ourselves reveals
Her trembling silver.
Laz. What! by way, you mean,
Of making up the account?
Ces. (*aside*). To think, alas!
The first sweet vintage of my love thus lost,
And, as my lady must too surely think,
By my forgetfulness. (*Aloud.*) My lord, indeed
The night wears on. May not the chiller air
That blows from the returning tide of day
Affect you?
Prince. Nay, my state forbidding me
Much to be seen about the streets by day,
The night must serve my purpose.
Ces. (*aside*). Patience then!
And I must try and draw my thoughts from her
I cannot reach. (*Aloud.*) How does the lady Flora
Please you, my lord?
Prince. The lady Flora? Oh,
What she of Milan? Too far off, I think,
For one's regards to reach.
Laz. Ah true, my lord;

What is the use of a mistress in the moon,
Unless one were the man there ?
Ar. Signora Laura
Has a fair figure.
Laz. Yes, and asks a high one.
Felix. A handsome hand.
Laz. At scolding, yes.
Ar. I think
She lives close by.
Laz. But don't you bid for her
Without fair trial first, my lord. Your women
Are like new plays, which self-complacent authors
Offer at some eight hundred royals each,
But which, when once they're tried, you purchase dear
Eight hundred for a royal.
Ces. (*aside*). Now, methinks,
Ev'n now my lady at the lattice stands
Looking for me in vain, and murmuring
"Why comes he not ? I doubted I was late,
But he comes not at all !" And then—Ah me,
I have forgotten to forget !—
(*Aloud*) Celia sings well, my lord ?
Laz. A pretty woman
Can no more sing amiss than a good horse
Be a bad colour.

Ces. The old Roman law
To all the ugly women us'd to assign
The fortunes of the handsome, thinking those
Sufficiently endow'd with their good looks.

Laz. Ah! and there Laura lives, the lass who said
She'd sell her house and buy a coach withal;
And when they ask'd her, where she'd live, quoth she,
"Why, *in* my coach!" "But when night comes," say they,
"Where then?"—"Why in the coach-house to be sure!"[1]

Ces. Indeed, indeed, my lord, the night wears on,
And sure your sister lies awake foreboding
Some danger to your person.
Consider her anxiety!

Prince (*aside*). Nay, *yours*
Lies nearer to my heart.

Ces. My lord?

Prince. I said
No matter for my sister, that was all;
She knows not I'm abroad.

[1] The ambition for a coach so frequently laughed at by Calderon, is said to be in full force now; not for the novelty of the invention, then, nor perhaps the dignity, so much as for the real comfort of easy and sheltered carriage in such a climate.

Ces. My hope is gone!

Laz. There, yonder in that little house, there lives
A girl with whom it were impossible
To deal straightforwardly.

Prince. But why?

Laz. She's crooked.

Ar. And there a pretty girl enough, but guarded
By an old dragon aunt.

Laz. O Lord, defend me
From all old women!

Prince. How so, Lazaro?

Laz. Oh, ever since the day I had to rue
The conjurer's old woman.

Prince. Who was she?

Laz. Why, my lord, once upon a time
I fell in love with one who would not have me
Either for love or money: so at last
I go to a certain witch—tell him my story:
Whereon he bids me do this; cut a lock
From my love's head and bring it to him. Well,
I watch'd my opportunity, and one day,
When she was fast asleep, adroitly lopp'd
A lovely forelock from what seem'd her hair,
But was an hair-loom rather from her wig
Descended from a head that once was young

As I thought her. For, giving it the witch,
To work his charm with, in the dead of night,
When I was waiting for my love to come,
Into my bed-room the dead woman stalk'd
To whom the lock of hair had once belong'd,
And claim'd me for her own. O Lord, how soon
"Sweetheart" and "Deary" chang'd to "Apage!"
And flesh and blood to ice.

Ces. (*aside*). Alas! what boots it trying to forget
That which the very effort makes remember?
Ev'n now, ev'n now, methinks once more I see her
Turn to the window, not expecting me,
But to abjure all expectation,
And, as she moves away, saying, (methinks
I hear her,) "Cesar, come when come you may,
You shall not find me here." "Nay, but my love,
Anna! my lady! hear me!" Oh confusion,
Did they observe?

Prince (*aside to Arias*). How ill, Don Arias,
Poor Cesar hides his heart—

Ar. Ev'n now he tries
The mask again.

Prince. Indeed I pity him,
Losing one golden opportunity;
But may not I be pitied too, who never

Shall have so much as one to lose ?

Ar. Speak low ;

You know her brother's by.

Prince. No matter ; true

Nobility is slowest to suspect.

Musician (*sings within*).

> Ah happy bird, who can fly with the wind,
> Leaving all anguish of absence behind ;
> Like thee could I fly,
> Leaving others to sigh,
> The lover I sigh for how soon would I find ![1]

Ces. Not an ill voice !

Fel. Nay, very good.

Prince. How sweetly

Sweet words, sweet air, sweet voice, atone together !

Arias, might we not on this sweet singer

Try Lazaro's metal and mettle ? you shall see.

Lazaro !

Laz. My lord !

Prince. I never go abroad

But this musician dogs me.

Laz. Shall I tell him

Upon your Highness's request, politely,

To move away ?

[1] This little song is from the *Desdicha de la Voz*.

Prince. I doubt me, Lazaro,
He will not go for that, he's obstinate.
Laz. How then, my lord ?
Prince. Go up and strike him with your sword.
Laz. But were it brave in me, back'd as I am,
To draw my sword on one poor piping bird ?
If I must do it, let me challenge him
Alone to-morrow.
But let me warn him first.
Prince. Do as I bid you,
Or I shall call you coward.
Ces. Lazaro,
Obey his Highness.
Laz. O good providence,
Temper the wind to a shorn lamb !
Musician (*within*).

> Ah happy bird, whom the wind and the rain,
> And snare of the fowler, beset but in vain ;
> Oh, had I thy wing,
> Leaving others to sing,
> How soon would I be with my lover again !

Laz. (*aloud within*). Pray God, poor man, if thou be innocent
Of any ill intention in thy chirping,
The blade I draw upon thee turn to wood !

A miracle ! A miracle ! (*Rushing in.*)

Prince. How now ?

Laz. The sword I lifted on an innocent man,
Has turn'd to wood at his assailant's prayer !
Take it, my lord, lay't in your armoury
Among the chiefest relics of our time.
I freely give it you, upon condition
You give me any plain but solid weapon
To wear instead.

Prince. You are well out of it.
It shall be so.

Ces. My lord, indeed the dawn
Is almost breaking.

Prince. Let it find us here.
But, my dear Cesar, tell me, are you the better
For this diversion !

Ces. Oh, far cheerfuller.
Though with some little effort.

Prince. And I too.
So love is like all other evils known ;
With others' sorrow we beguile our own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Garden of* DONNA ANNA'S *House;* DONNA ANNA *and* ELVIRA *at a window.—Dawn.*

Elv. Yet once more to the window?

Anna. Oh Elvira,
For the last time! now undeceiv'd to know
How much deceiv'd I was!
Alas, until I find myself despis'd,
Methought I was desir'd, till hated, lov'd;
Was't not enough to know himself belov'd,
Without insulting her who told him so!
Was't not enough—
Oh wonder not, Elvira, at my passion;
Of all these men's enchantments, none more potent
Than what might seem unlikeliest—their disdain.

Elv. Indeed you have good cause for anger, madam:
But yet one trial more.

Anna. And to what end?
I'll not play Tantalus again for him.
Oh shameful insult! had I dream'd of it,
Would I have written him so tenderly?
Told my whole heart?—But, once in love, what woman
Can trust herself, alas, with pen and ink?

Elv. Were he to come now after all, how then ?
Would you reproach, or turn your back on him,
Or—

Anna. Nay, I know not. Is't not possible,
He is detain'd, Elvira, by the Prince
Upon state business ?

Elv. You excuse him then !

Anna. Oh, any thing to soothe me !

Elv. Who excuses
Will quickly pardon.

Anna. Ay, if he came now,
Now, as you say, Elvira,
And made excuses which I knew were false,
I *would* believe them still. Would he were come
Only to try. Could I be so deceiv'd !

Enter CESAR *and* LAZARO, *below.*

Laz. See you not day has dawn'd, sir ?

Ces. Mine, I doubt,
Is set for ever. Yet, in sheer despair,
I come to gaze upon the empty east !
But look !

Laz. Well, sir ?

Ces. See you not through the twilight ?

Laz. Yes, sir ; a woman : and when I say a woman,
I mean two women.
Ces. Oh see if it be she.
Laz. 'Twould make Elvira jealous, sir.
Ces. Oh lady,
Is it you ?
Anna. Yes I, Don Cesar : who all night
Have waited on your pleasure, unsuspecting
What now too well I know.
My foolish passion, sir, is well reveng'd
By shamed repentance. Oh, you come at last,
Thinking belike, sir, with the morning star
Retrieve the waste of night ; oh, you lov'd me, sir,
Or seem'd to do, till having won from me
Confession of a love I feel no more,
You turn it to disdain. Oh think not, sir,
That by one little deed in love, like law,
You gain the full possession of my heart
For ever ; and for this idle interview,
Do you so profit by it as to learn
Courtesy to a lady ; which when learn'd
Come and repeat to me. [*Retires from window.*
Ces. And having now
Arraign'd me of the crime, why do you leave me

To plead my exculpation to the winds ?
O Donna Anna, I call Heav'n to witness
'Twas not my negligence, but my ill star
That envied me such ill-deserv'd delight.
If it be otherwise,
Or even you *suspect* it otherwise,
Spurn me, not only now, but ever, from you.
Since better were it with a conscience clear
Rejected, than suspiciously receiv'd.
The Prince has kept me all the night with him
About the city streets : your brother, who
Was with us, can bear witness. Yet if still
You think me guilty, but come back to say so,
And let me plead once more, and you once more
Condemn, and yet once more, and all in vain,
If you will only but come back again !

Anna (*returning to the window*). And this is true ?

Ces. So help me Heav'n, it is !
Why, could you, Anna, in your heart believe
I could forget you ?

Anna. And, Don Cesar, you
That, were it so, I could forget my love ?
But see, the sun above the mountain-tops
Begins to peep, and morn to welcome him

With all her smiles and tears. We must begone.
I shall another quick occasion find,
When I shall call, and you—not lag behind ?

Ces. Oh once more taken to your heart again,
My shame turns glory, and delight my pain.
Yet tell me—

Anna. Well ?

Ces. Of your suspicions *one*
Lingers within you ?

Anna. Ay, a legion,
That at your presence to their mistress' pride
Turn traitors, and all fight on Cesar's side !

Ces. Farewell then, my divine implacable !

Anna. Victim and idol of my eyes, farewell !
[*Exeunt severally.*

Laz. Well, and what has *my* mistress to say to me ? Does she also play the scornful lady ?

Elv. I ? why ?

Laz. Because my mistress' mistress does so to my master, whose love I follow in shadow.

Elv. Oh, I did not understand.

Laz. When he's happy then I'm jolly ;
When he's sad I'm melancholy :
When he's love-infected, I
With the self-same fever fretted,

Either am bound like him to fry,
Or if he chooses to forget it,
I must even take his cue,
And, Elvira, forget you.
Do you enact your lady. Now,
Begin. Be angry first—

Elv. But how?

Laz. Hide up, no matter how or why,
Behind the window-blind, while I
Underneath it caterwaul ;—

Elv. What are the odds I don't reply?

Laz. Just the odds that I don't call.

SCENE III. *A Room in the Palace.—The* PRINCE *and* DON FELIX, *discovered at the back of the stage.*

Fel. Why is your Highness sad?

Prince. Not sad, Don Felix:
Oh would it were some certain shape of sorrow
That I might grapple with, not a vague host
Of undefin'd emotions! Oh how oft
The patching up of but a single seam,
Opens a hundred others! Lucky he
Who can to disenchantment bare his eyes
Once and for all, and in oblivion
Shut up vain hope for ever!

Enter CESAR, ARIAS, *and* LAZARO, *in front.*

Ces. (*to* ARIAS *as they enter*). And so at last was satisfied.

Ar. His Highness and Don Felix.

Ces. I am sure that he who profits not by opportunity scarce covets it enough. Taking advantage of the cleared heaven, I have here written my lady, asking her when she will give me the meeting she promised ; Lazaro, take the letter : Don Felix here, you can easily deliver it.

Laz. I'll feign an errand, and so get into the house. [*Exit.*

Fel. (*to* PRINCE). Cesar and Arias, my lord.

Prince. I know their business. Oh what a tempest does every breeze from that quarter raise in my bosom ! Well, gentlemen ?

Ar. Cesar, my lord, was telling me—

Prince. About his melancholy studies still ? Pray tell me.

Ces. Nay, my lord, all melancholy flies from the sunshine of your presence.

Prince. What then ?

Ces. I still distrust myself ; Don Arias must, my lord, answer for me.

Prince. Don Arias, then ?

Ar. (*aside*). Fresh confidence should bind me his anew. But comes too late.

Ces. (*aside to* ARIAS). Be careful what you say.

Ar. Trust me. (CESAR *retires.*)

Prince (*to* ARIAS *apart*). Well now, Don Arias.

Ar. At first much enraged against him, at last she yielded to his amorous excuses ; and, finding Don Felix here, he has sent her a letter beseeching another meeting.

Prince. When ?

Ar. This moment.

Prince. Who can doubt the upshot ! I must contrive to thwart them. (*Aloud.*) But ere I hear your story, Arias, I must tell Don Felix what I was about to do as these gentlemen came in and interrupted me : that his sister was ill—had fainted—from some vexation or fright, as I think.

Fel. Anna ?

Prince. So my sister told me. Had you not better see to her ?

Fel. With your leave, my lord. [*Exit.*

Prince (*aside*). And so, as I wished, prevent her answering, if not getting, the letter. (*Aloud.*) I will ask Nisida how it was. [*Exit.*

Ces. What did you tell the Prince to draw this new trouble on me?

Ar. Ay, even so. Blame him who has been even lying in your service. Look you now, the Prince told me he had overheard the names "Don Felix" and "Donna Anna" between us as we came in talking; and, tethered to that, I was obliged to drag this fainting fit into the service.

Ces. Oh, if Felix find Lazaro at his house!

Ar. Fear not, anxiety will carry him home faster than a letter Lazaro.

Ces. Alas that the revival of my joy
Is the revival of a fresh annoy;
And that the remedy I long'd to seize
Must slay me faster than the old disease. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *An Apartment in* DON FELIX'S *House.*—DONNA ANNA *and* ELVIRA.

Elv. Well, have you finisht writing?

Anna. I have written,
Not finisht writing. That could never be;
Each sentence, yea, each letter, as I write it,
Suggesting others still. I had hop'd, Elvira,
To sum my story up in a few words;

Took pen and paper, both at the wrong end :—
Tried to begin, my mind so full I knew not
What to begin with ; till, as one has seen
The fullest vessel hardly run, until
Some inner air should loose the lingering liquid,
So my charg'd heart waited till one long sigh
Set it a flowing. I wrote, eras'd, re-wrote,
Then, pregnant love still doubling thought on thought,
Doubled the page too hastily, and blotted
All that was writ before ; until my letter,
Blotted, eras'd, re-written, and perplext,
At least is a fair transcript of my heart.
Well, the sum is, he is to come, Elvira,
To-night, when Felix, as I heard him say,
Goes to our country house on business ;
And all will be more quiet. But here, read it.

Elv. My lord ! my lord !—the letter !

Enter FELIX.

Anna (*hiding the letter*). Heavens !

Fel. Too well
The traitorous colour flying from your cheeks
Betrays your illness and my cause of sorrow.
What is the matter ?

Anna. Nothing, brother.

Fel. Nothing !
Your changing face and your solicitude
To assure me there is nothing, but assure me
How much there is. I have been told in fact,
And hurried home thus suddenly,
To hear it all.
Anna (*aside*). Alas ! he knows my secret !
Felix, indeed, indeed, my love
Shall not dishonour you.
Fel. Your love ?
I'm more at loss than ever. But perhaps
You feign this to divert me from the truth.
What is the matter, truly ?
Anna. Be assur'd
I never will disgrace you.
Fel. Ah, she rambles,
Quite unrecover'd yet.
Anna (*apart to* ELVIRA). What shall I do ?
Elv. (*apart*). Deny it all, there's many a step between
Suspicion and assurance.
Fel. You, Elvira,
(My sister cannot) tell me what has happen'd ?
Elv. Oh, nothing but a swoon, sir :
My mistress fainted : that is all : accounts
For all her paleness and discomfiture.

Fel. 'Twas that I heard.
Elv. I do assure you, sir,
We thought her dead—however she dissemble
Out of her love for you.
Fel. 'Twas kind of her:
But yet not kindness, Anna, to delude me
Into a selfish ignorance of your pain.
Enough, you are better now?
Anna. Indeed.
Fel. That's well.
But, by the way, what mean you by "*your love*"
And "*not dishonouring me?*"
Anna. "*My love,*" and "*not Dishonouring!*" did I say so? I must mean,
My senses still half-drown'd, my love for you
That would not have you pain'd. A true love, Felix,
Though a mistaken, may be, as you say,
Yet no dishonour.
Fel. Still I have not heard
What caus'd this illness.
Anna (*aside*). He presses hard upon me,
But I'll out-double him. (*Aloud.*) The cause of it?
Why—sitting in this room,
I heard a noise in the street there: went to the window,

And saw a crowd of people, their swords out, fighting
Before the door ; and (what will foolish fear
Not conjure up ?) methought that one of them
Was you—and suddenly a mortal chill
Came over me, and—you must ask Elvira
For all the rest.

Elv. (*aside*). Why ever have the trouble
Of coining lies when truth will pass as well !

Enter LAZARO.

Laz. So far so good.

Fel. Lazaro ?

Laz. (*seeing* FELIX). Is't his ghost ? for certainly I left his body at the palace.

Anna. My evil stars bear hard upon me !

Laz. I'm done for, unless a good lie—(*Aloud.*) Ruffian, rascal, scamp !

Fel. How now ?

Laz. Murderer ! villain !

Fel. Softly, softly, breathe awhile ! what's the matter ?

Laz. Nothing, nothing, yet had I not exploded incidentally, or as it were superficially, I had altogether burst. Oh the rascal ! the slave !

Fel. But tell me the matter.

Laz. Oh the matter—indeed the matter—you may well ask it—indeed you may—Oh the murderer!

Fel. Come, come, tell us.

Laz. Ay, well, look here, my lords and ladies, lend me your ears; I was at cards: yes: for you must know, my lord, I sometimes like a bout as my betters do: you understand this?

Fel. Yes—well?

Laz. Well, being at cards, as I say: ay, and playing pretty high too: for I must confess that sometimes, like my betters—you understand?

Fel. Go on—go on.

Laz. Well, being, as I said, at cards,
And playing pretty high too—mark me that—
I get into discussion or dispute,
(Whichever you will call it) with a man,
If man he may be call'd who man was none—
Ye gods! to prostitute the name of man
On such as that!—call him a manikin,
A mandarin, a mandrake,
Rather than man—I mean in *soul*, mark you;
For in his outward man he was a man,
Ay, and a man of might. Nay, more than men,
A giant, one may say. Well, as I said,
This wretch and I got to high words, and then

(Whither high words so often lead) to blows;
Out came our swords. The rascal having seen
What a desperate fellow at my tool I was,
Takes him eleven others of his kidney,
Worse than himself, and all twelve set on me.
I seeing them come on, ejaculate,
"From all such rascals, single or in league,
Good Lord, deliver us," set upon all twelve
With that same sword, mark me, our gracious Prince
Gave me but yesternight, and, God be praised,
Disgrac'd not in the giving—
Beat the whole twelve of them back to a porch,
Where, after bandying a blow with each,
Each getting something to remember me by,
Back in a phalanx all came down on me,
And then dividing, sir, into two parties,
Twelve upon this side—do you see? and nine
On this—and three in front—

Fel. But, Lazaro,
Why, twelve and nine are twenty-one—and three—
Why, your twelve men are grown to twenty-four!
How's this?

Laz. How's this? why, counting in the shadows—
You see I count the shadows—twenty-four,

Shadows and all—you see ! [1]

Fel. I see.

Laz. Well, sir,
Had not that good sword which our gracious Prince
Gave me but yesterday broke in my hand,
I should have had to pay for mass, I promise you,
For every mother's son of them !

Fel. Indeed ?
But, Lazaro, I see your sword's entire :
How's that ?

Laz. The most extraordinary part
Of all—

Fel. Well, tell us.

Laz. Why, I had first us'd
My dagger upon one : and when my sword
Snapt, with its stump, sir, daggerwise I fought,
As thus ; and that with such tremendous fury,
That, smiting a steel buckler, I struck out
Such sparks from it, that, by the light of them,
Snatching up the fallen fragment of my sword,
I pieced the two together.

[1] One cannot fail to be reminded of the multiplication of Falstaff's men in buckram, not the only odd coincidence between the two poets. Lazaro's solution of the difficulty seems to me quite worthy of Falstaff.

Fel. But the dagger
You fought with first, and lost, you say—why, Lazaro,
'Tis in your girdle.

Laz. I account for that
Easily. Look, sir, I drew it, as I said,
And struck amain. The man I drew it on,
Seeing the coming blow, caught hold of it,
And struck it back on me ; I, yet more skilful,
With God's good help did so present myself
That, when he struck at me, my own dagger's point
Return'd into its sheath, as here you see it.
Enough, I heard the cry of "Alguazils !"
Ran off, and, entering the first open door,
Now ask for sanctuary at your feet.

Fel. I think it is your trepidation
Makes you talk nonsense.

Anna. Surely, my brother, this was the riot that so frighted me.

Fel. And was I then the man, "if man it could be called who man was none," that Lazaro fought with ?

Anna. I know not, I only know 'twas some one of a handsome presence like yours.

Fel. (*aside*). Perhaps his master—I much suspect it was Cesar that was dicing, and afterward fighting ; and his servant, to cover him, invents this foolish

story—(*Aloud.*) I will look into the street and see if it be clear. [*Exit.*

Elv. Now say your say.

Anna (*giving* LAZARO *her letter*). And quickly, Lazaro; taking this letter—

Laz. (*giving* CESAR'S). And you this premium upon it.

Anna. Bid him be sure to come to me this evening; I have much to say. And thus much to you, Lazaro; your quarrel came in the nick of time to account for a swoon I had occasion to feign.

Elv. Quick! quick! he's coming back.

Laz. Madam, farewell.

Anna. And if my plot succeed,
Feign'd quarrel shall to true love-making lead.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Room in the Palace;* CESAR *and* ARIAS *talking: to whom after a time enter* LAZARO.

Laz. Oh, I have had rare work.

Ces. The letter! (*takes it from* LAZARO).

Ar. And how did all end?

Laz. Well—as I am home at last safe and sound.

Ces. Arias, you share my heart; even read my letter with me. (*They read.*)

Laz. (*aside*). That my master should trust that babbler who let out about my wooden sword to the Prince ! my life upon't, he'll do the same to him ; for he who sucks in gossip is the first to leak it.

Ar. Sweetly she writes !

Ces. How should it be but sweet,
Where modesty and wit and true love meet ?

Ar. And expects you this evening !

Ces. Till which each minute is an hour, each hour
A day, a year, a century !

Laz. And then
In sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

Ar. The Prince !

Ces. I dread his seeing me.

Ar. But how ?

Ces. Lest, as already twice, he thwart me now.

Enter PRINCE.

Prince. Cesar here, when I am on fire to know the upshot of my plot upon his letter ! I must get quit of him.

Ces. Good day, my lord.

Prince. Well, any news abroad ?

Ar. Not that I know of, my lord.

Prince. Cesar, there are despatches in my closet, have been lying there since yesterday, should they not be seen to at once ?

Ces. My lord ! (*Aside.*) I foresaw it !

Prince. Yes ! I would have you look to them and report them to me directly.

Ces. (*aside.*) Ah, this is better ! (*Aloud.*) I'll see to them.

(*Aside.*) And then, I trust, day's work with day-light o'er,
Man, nor malicious star, shall cross me more.

[*Exeunt* CESAR *and* LAZARO.

Prince. And now about the letter ?

Ar. I only know, my lord, that though Felix got home first, Lazaro got there somehow, somehow gave her the letter, and somehow got an answer.

Prince. Hast seen it ?

Ar. Yes, my lord.

Prince. *And*—

Ar. She appoints another meeting this evening.

Prince. And I must myself despatch his work, so as to leave him free to-night ! Oh Arias, what can I do more ?

Ar. Cannot your Highness go there yourself, and so at least stop further advancement ?

Prince. True, true; and yet I know not; it might be too suspicious. I must consider what shall be done;
And what more subtle engine I may try
Against these lovers' ingenuity. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace.*—PRINCE *and* DON ARIAS.

Ar. How well the night went off! did not the music,
The lights, the dances, and the ladies' eyes,
Divert your Grace's sadness?
Prince. Rather, Arias,
Doubled it.
Whithersoever Donna Anna mov'd,
My eyes, that ever followed hers along,
Saw them pursue Don Cesar through the crowd
And only rest on him; I curs'd him then,
And then excus'd him, as the judge should do
Whose heart is yearning with the guilt he damns.
Ar. Where will this passion end?
Prince. I think in death,
Led by the fatal secret you have told me.

Ar. I err'd, my lord ; but all shall yet be well.
But hush ! Don Cesar comes.
Prince. Make out of him
How sits the wind of love. Behind this screen
I'll listen. (*Hides.*)

Enter CESAR.

Ar. Well, Don Cesar ?
Ces. Nay, *ill*, Don Cesar !
Misfortune on misfortune ! ev'n good fortune
Forswears her nature but to scowl on me !
Led by her letter, as the shades of night
Were drawing in, I went—not now to stand
Under her lattice with the cold, cold moon
For company, but in the very room
My lady warms and lightens with her presence !
There when we two had just begun to whisper
The first sweet words of love, upon a sudden
As by some evil spirit prompted, her brother
Comes in, and on some frivolous pretext
Carries her to the palace. I suspect
He knows my purpose.
Ar. Nay—
Prince (*listening*). He little thinks
His evil spirit is so near him now.

Ces. Ay, and dead weary of these sicken'd hopes
And lost occasions, I have resolv'd to break
Through disappointment and impediment,
And turning secret love to open suit,
Secure at once her honour, and her brother's,
And my own everlasting happiness,
By asking her fair hand, fore all the world! [*Exit.*

Ar. You heard, my lord?

Prince (*advancing*). And if he ask her hand,
Felix will grant it as assuredly
As I would my own sister's! Oh, Don Arias,
What now?

Ar. Don Felix comes.

Prince. There's yet one way,
He comes in time—Felix!

Enter FELIX.

Fel. My lord!

Prince. Come hither.
You came in time—were present in my thoughts
Before your coming. Hark you. I have long
Long'd to requite your many services,
By more substantial meed than empty breath,
Too oft, they say, the end of princes' favour.

Much I design for you ; but in mean time,
As some foretaste and earnest of my love,
A kinsman, a near kinsman of my own,
Has set his heart upon the lady Anna,
Your sister ; fain would have her hand in marriage :
And I, with your good liking,
Have promis'd it to him.

Fel. Oh, my good lord,
Your favour overpowers me !

Prince. Much content
Both for his sake, so near of my own blood,
(His letters show how deep his passion is,)
And yours, if you approve it.

Fel. Did I not,
Your will would be my law.

Prince. Why this is well then.
We'll talk it over at our leisure ; meanwhile,
For certain reasons, let this contract be
Between ourselves alone—you taking care
To pledge your sister's hand no other way.

Fel. Oh, trust to me, my lord—Heav'n watch above
Your Highness !

Prince (*aside*). Oh mad end of foolish love ! [*Exit.*

Fel. I'll straight away,

And tell my sister of the happiness
Awaits her. And may be shall learn of her
How my own suit prospers with Nisida,
The Prince's sister, which his present favour
Now blows upon so fairly. Cesar !

Enter CESAR.

Ces. Well found at last. Oh, Felix !
Fel. What is't now ?
Your heart seems labouring.
Ces. Yours must lighten it.
You know, Don Felix, how by blood and birth
I am a gentleman—not less, I trust,
In breeding and attainment ; my estate
Sufficient for my birth—nurst by the Prince
In his own palace from my earliest years,
Until, howe'er unworthy of such honour,
Receiv'd into his inmost heart and council :
So far at least fitted for state affairs,
As ever given from my earliest youth
Rather to letters than to arms. Enough :
You know all this, and know, or ought to know,
How much I am your friend ?
Fel. I do believe it.

Ces. Yea, Felix, and would fain that friendship knit
By one still closer tie—Have you not guess'd,
By many a sign more unmistakeable
Than formal declaration, that I love—
Presumptuously perhaps—but that I love
One of your house. Which saying all is said :
For she is all your house who calls you "Brother."

Fel. Cesar, Heav'n knows how faithfully my heart
Answers to yours in all ; how much I prize
The honour you would do me. Would to God
That I had seen the signs of love you talk of,
Pointing this way ; there is, I do assure you,
No man in all the world to whom more gladly
I would ally my sister and myself ;
But I did not. I grieve that it is so,
But dare not cancel what is now, too late,
Irrevocably agreed on with another.

Ces. By this "too late," I think you only mean
To tantalize my too late declaration.
If that be your intent, I am well punisht
Already ; be content with my contrition.
You say you love me ; and would well desire
To see me wed your sister ; seal at once

My happiness, nor chill the opening day,
Nor my love's blossom, by a lingering "*Yea.*"

Fel. Indeed, indeed, my Cesar, not to revenge
Delay of speech, or insufficient token,
But with repeated sorrow I repeat,
My sister's hand is pledg'd beyond recall,
And to another ; whom, for certain reasons,
I dare not name, not even to herself,
As yet—

Ces. If I survive, 'tis that fate knows
How much more terrible is life than death !
Don Felix, you have well reveng'd yourself
Upon my vain ambition, speech delay'd,
And signs that you would not articulate ;
But let my fate be as it will, may hers,
Hers, yea, and his whose life you link to hers,
Be so indissolubly prosperous,
That only death forget to envy them !
Farewell.

Fel. Farewell then : and remember, Cesar,
Let not this luckless business interrupt
Our long and loving intimacy.

Ces. Nay,
It shall not, cannot, Felix, come what may.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter PRINCE.

Prince. When in my love's confusion and excess
I fancy many a fond unlikely chance,
Desire grows stronger, resolution less,
I linger more the more I would advance.
False to my nobler self, I madly seize
Upon a medicine alien to my ill ;
And feeding still with that should cure disease,
At once my peace and reputation kill
By turns ; as the conflicting passions fire,
And chase each other madly through my breast,
I worship and despise, blame and admire,
Weep and rejoice, and covet and detest.
Alas ! a bitter bargain he must choose,
Who love with life, or life with love, must lose !

Enter LAZARO.

Laz. Where can my master be ? I shall go crazy, I think, running from room to room, and house to house, after him and his distracted wits.

Prince. Lazaro ! Well, what news abroad ?

Laz. Ah, my lord, there has been little of that under the sun this long while, they say. For instance, the slasht doublets just come into fashion,

and which they call new; why 'twas I invented them years ago.

Prince. You? how?

Laz. Why, look you; once on a time when I was not so well off as now, and my coat was out at elbows, the shirt came through: many saw and admired—and so it has grown into a fashion.

Prince. Who listens to you but carries away food for reflection! [*Exit.*

Laz. Aha! you are somewhat surfeited with that already, I take it.

So while the world her wonted journey keeps,
Lazarus chuckles while poor Dives weeps.

Enter CESAR.

Ces. Lazaro, I waited till the Prince was gone.
Listen to me. Don Felix has betroth'd
His sister to another, not to me;
He will not tell me whom, nor does it matter:
All ill alike. But out of this despair
I'll pluck the crown that hope could never reach.
There is no time to lose; this very night
I'll carry her away.

Laz. Only beware
Telling Don Arias what you mean to do.

Is't possible you see not all along
Your secret playing on his faithless lips ?
Here's one last chance.

Ces. True, true.

Laz. You cannot lose
By secrecy—what gain by telling him ?

Ces. You may be right : and to clear up the cause
Of past mischance, and make the future safe,
I'll take your counsel.

Laz. Then hey for victory !
Meanwhile, sir, talk with all and trust in none,
And least of all in him is coming hither.
And then in ocean when the weary sun
Washes his swollen face, " there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note."

Enter ARIAS.

Ar. How now, Don Cesar ?

Laz. (*aside*). Here are you, be sure,
When aught is stirring.

Ar. How speeds Love with you ?

Laz. (*aside*). The lighter, sir, now you are left behind.

Ces. Arias, my friend ! All's lost !
The love I grew deep in my heart of hearts
Is wither'd at the moment of its blossom.
I went to Felix, ask'd his sister's hand :
It was betroth'd, he told me, to another :
I was too late. All's lost ! It were in vain
Weeping for that I never can attain :
I will forget what I must needs forego,
And turn to other—

Laz. (*to* ARIAS). Pray, sir, pardon me ;
But pri'thee say no more to him just now ;
It brings on such a giddiness.

Ar. Alas !
But can I be of service ?

Laz. Only, sir,
By saying nothing more.

Ar. I am truly sorry. [*Exit.*

Laz. That you can lie no longer in the matter.
Oh, the Lord speed you !

Ces. O Love, if mortal anguish ever move thee,
At this last hour requite me with one smile
For all thy sorrows ! let what I have suffer'd
Appease thy jealous godhead ! I complain not
That you condemn my merits as too poor
For the great glory they aspire unto ;

Yet who could brook to see a rival bear
The wreath that neither can deserve to wear !

Enter PRINCE *and* ARIAS.

Prince (*to* ARIAS). Even so ?
Good. That he may not think 'twas out of malice,
I made my business trench upon his love,
Now that his love's but Love-in-idleness,
I'll occupy him still. Cesar !

Ces. My lord !

Prince. I had like to have forgot. 'Tis Monday, is't not ?
I have despatches both for Rome and Naples.
We must see to them to-night.

Ces. My lord !

Prince. Bring hither
Your writing.

Ces. (*apart*). Oh ! the cup-full at my lips,
And dasht down, and for ever !
[*To* LAZARO.] Villain, the victory you told me of !

Laz. What fault of mine, sir ?

Ces. What fault ! said you not
All now was well ?

Laz. Is't I who make it wrong ?

Ces. You meddled.

Prince. Are you ready ?

Ces. Immediately.

Alas, alas ! how shall my pen run clear
Of the thick fountain that is welling here !

Prince (*aside*). And I shall learn from you how that dark pair
Contrive to smile, Jealousy and Despair.

[*Desk and papers brought in : exeunt* ARIAS *and* LAZARO.

Now, are you ready ? (CESAR *sits at the desk.*)

Ces. Ay, my lord.

Prince. Begin then.

" I am secretly "—

Ces. " Secretly "—driven to madness !

Prince. " About the marriage "—

Ces. " Marriage "—that never shall take place !

Prince. " All is fair for you "—

Ces. " For you "—though perdition to me !

Prince. " Believe me "—

Ces. I shall not survive it !

Prince. " That Donna Anna of Castelvi "

Ces. " That Donna Anna "—I can write no more !

Prince. " Is such in birth, beauty, and wit "—

Ces. Oh, my lord, pardon me ; but may I know
This letter's destination ?

Prince. Eh ? to Flanders.

Why do you ask?

Ces. To Flanders! But, my lord,
Surely no Flemish courier leaves to-day.
Might not to-morrow—

Prince (*aside*). At the name of Anna
His colour chang'd. (*Aloud.*) No matter. 'Tis begun,
And we'll ev'n finish it. Where left I off?

Ces. (*reading*). "Can write no more"—

Prince. Eh? "Write no more?" Did I
Say that?

Ces. My lord?

Prince. The letter. Give me it.

Ces. (*aside*). Come what come may then, what is writ is writ!

Prince (*reading*). "I am secretly driven to madness about the marriage that never shall take place. All is fair for you, though perdition to me. Believe me I shall not survive it, that Donna Anna—I can write no more."
Was this what I dictated?

Ces. (*throwing himself at the* PRINCE'S *feet*). O my lord,
O noble Alexander! if the service
You have so often prais'd beyond desert
Deserve of you at all, snatch not from me
The only crown I ever ask'd for it,

To gild a less familiar brow withal.
This lady, Donna Anna,
Whom you are now devoting to another,
Is mine, my lord ; mine, if a two years' suit
Of unremitted love not unreturn'd
Should make her mine ; which mine beyond dispute
Had long ere this have made her, had not I
How many a golden opportunity
Lost from my love to spend it on my Prince !
And this is my reward ! Oh, knew I not
How the ill star that rules my destiny
Might of itself dispose the gracious Prince,
Who call'd me for his friend from infancy,
To act my bitterest enemy unawares,
I might believe some babbler—

Prince. Nay, Don Cesar,
If in all these cross purposes of love
You recognise the secret hand of fate,
Accuse no mortal tongue, which could not reach
The stars that rule us all, wag as it would.
Enough. I am aggriev'd, and not, I think,
Unjustly, that without my pleasure, nay,
Without my knowledge even, you, my subject,
And servant, (leaving the dear name of friend,)
Dispos'd so of yourself, and of a lady

Whose grace my court considers as its own.
Give me the pen : and, as you write so laxly,
I must myself report—

Ces. My lord !

Prince. The pen. (*He writes.*)

Ces. If in misfortune's quiver there be left
One arrow, let it come !

Prince. You could not write,
Don Cesar ; but perhaps can seal this letter :
'Tis for Don Felix ; send it to him straight.
Or stay—I'd have it go by a sure hand :
Take it yourself directly.

Ces. At one blow
My love and friendship laid for ever low ! [*Exit.*

Enter FELIX *and* ARIAS.

Ar. The letter must be written.

Prince. Oh, Don Felix,
I have this moment sent to you. No matter :
'Twas but to say I have this instant heard
Your sister's bridegroom is in Parma ; nay,
Perhaps already at your house.

Fel. Oh, my lord,
How shall I thank you for this gracious news ?

Prince. Nay, we will hear them from your sister's lips.
To her at once. [*Exit* FELIX.
And now, Don Arias,
You have to swear upon the holy cross
That hilts this sword, that neither Donna Anna
Know that I ever lov'd her, nor Don Cesar
I ever cross'd his love.
Ar. Upon this cross
I swear it ; and beseech you in return
Never, my lord, to tell Don Cesar who
Reveal'd his secret.
Prince. Be it so. I promise.
And now to see whether indeed I dare
Compete with him whose lofty name I wear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in* FELIX's *House.*—ANNA *and* ELVIRA.

Anna. Beside the charge of my own love, Elvira,
Whose crosses, I believe, will slay me soon,
My brother has confided to me at last,
His passion for the Princess Nisida ;
And, for he knows that I am near her heart,
Would have me whisper it into her ears ;
Which, were it such a passion as *I* feel,

His eyes would have reveal'd her long ago.
However, I have told her, and have got
An answer such—But look ! he comes.

Enter FELIX.

Fel. Oh, sister,
Might but your news be half as good as mine !
A largess for it, come. You are betroth'd,
By me, and by the Prince himself, to one
In all ways worthy of you, and who long
Has silently ador'd.

Anna (*aside*). Is it possible ?
Cesar ! (*Aloud*). Well, ask the largess that you will.

Fel. The Princess—

Anna. Well ?

Fel. What says she ?

Anna. All she could
At the first blush—nothing—and that means all :
Go to her, and press out the lingering Yes
That lives, they say, in silence.

Fel. Oh, my sister !
But who comes here ?

Enter CESAR *and* LAZARO.

Ces. (*giving the letter*). I, Felix. This must be
My warrant—from the Prince. Oh misery !

Fel. I thank you, Cesar. (*Reads.*)
"Because happiness is the less welcome when anticipated, I have hitherto withheld from you that he to whom I have engaged your sister's hand, is—Don Cesar! in whom unites all that man or woman can desire. If the man lives who can deserve such glory, it is he. Farewell."

Ces. Great Heav'n!

Fel. Nay, read the letter.

Enter PRINCE, NISIDA, ARIAS, *and Train.*

Prince. He shall not need,
Myself am here to speak it.

Ces. (*kneeling*). Oh, my lord!

Prince. Rise, Cesar. If your service, as it did,
Ask'd for reward, I think you have it now;
Such as not my dominion alone,
But all the world beside, could not supply.
Madam, your hand; Don Cesar, yours. I come
To give away the bride:
And after must immediately away
To Flanders, where by Philip's trumpet led,
I will wear Maestricht's laurel round my brows;
Leaving meanwhile Don Felix Governor
Till my return—by this sign manual.
(*Puts* NISIDA'S *hand in* FELIX'S.)

Fel. My lord, my lord !
Laz. Elvira !
Elv. Lazaro !
Laz. I must be off. Our betters if we ape,
And they ape marriage, how shall we escape ?
Ar. And learn this moral. None commend
A secret ev'n to trustiest friend :
Which secret still in peril lies
Even in the breast of the most wise ;
And at his blabbing who should groan
Who could not even keep his own ?

There are three other plays by Calderon, on this subject of keeping one's love secret ; a policy whose neglect is punisht by a policy characteristically Spanish. 1. *Amigo, Amante, y Leal :* which has the same Prince and Arias, only the Prince confides his love to his rival. 2. *El Secreto a Voces :* where it is the ladies who shuffle the secret about the men. And 3. *Basta Callar*, a more complicated intrigue than any.

GIL PEREZ, THE GALLICIAN

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

GIL PEREZ.
ISABEL, *his Sister.*
DON ALONSO, MANUEL MENDEZ, } *his two Friends.*
PEDRO, CASILDA, } *Servants in his house.*

DONNA JUANA, *a Portuguese Lady.*

JUAN BAPTISTA, *a Lover of Isabel.*

THE LORD HIGH ADMIRAL OF PORTUGAL.
DONNA LEONOR, *his Cousin.*

A SHERIFF.
A JUDGE.
LEONARDO, *a Traveller.*

ALGUAZILS, OFFICERS, ATTENDANTS, FARMERS, &c.

GIL PEREZ, THE GALLICIAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Outside* GIL PEREZ'S *House.—Enter* PEDRO, *running;* GIL PEREZ *after him with a drawn dagger; and* ISABEL *and* CASILDA *interceding.*

ISAB. Fly, Pedro, fly !
Gil. And what the use his flying
If I be after him ?
Ped. Hold him ! hold him back,
Both of you !
Gil. By the Lord, I'll do for him.
Isab. But why so savage with him ?
Gil. He must pay
The long arrear of mischief you've run up.
Isab. I understand you not.
Gil. I'll kill him first,
And then explain.
Isab. I, who dread not bodily violence,
Dread your injurious words. What have I done

That you should use me thus ?—my enemy,
And not my brother.

Gil. You say well your enemy,
Who, if you do as you have done so long,
Will one day bathe his sword in your heart's blood,
And after in his own, and so wipe out
One scandal from the world.

Ped. As the good soul
Who meddles to make peace between two brawlers
Oft gets the bloody nose, I'll take the hint.
Farewell, fair Spain ! for evermore farewell !

Gil. Here ! hark you, sir ;
Before you go ; you have escap'd this time
By luck, not by desert. I give you warning,
Keep from my sight : for if I see your face
Fifty years hence, among the antipodes,
I'll pay you off.

Ped. Pray don't disturb yourself ;
I'll take you at your word, and straight be off
To some old friends of mine—indeed relations—
In central Africa—the Ourang Outangs :
A colony so distant as I trust
Will satisfy us both. And so, good bye.

Exit ; CASILDA *after him.*

Isab. He's gone, poor fellow.

And now perhaps, sir, as we are alone,
You'll tell me why you do affront me thus.
Gil. Sister—oh, would to God that I had none
To call by such a name at such expense !
And can you think that I have been so blind,
As well as dumb, not to be ware the tricks
Of the sly gentleman who follows you
So constantly, and who, if this goes on,
Will one day filch away, not your own only,
But the long garner'd honour of our house ?
Why, I have seen it all from first to last,
But would not show my teeth till I could bite ;
Because, in points like this, a man of honour
Speaks once, and once for all.
This once is now. I'll speak my mind to you ;
Which, if you cannot understand, to-morrow
I must repeat in quite another language.
I know your man—Juan Baptista—one
Not man enough for me, and so, I tell you,
Not for my sister. This should be enough,
Without his being, as he is, a Jew.
To get you from his reach I brought you here
To Salvatierra, deep amid the mountains,
And safe enough I thought ; but even here
His cursed letters reach you through the hands

Of that fine rascal I have just pack'd off.
There ; I have told my story ; take't to heart ;
Dismiss your man at once, or, by the Lord,
If you and he persist, I'll fire his house,
And save the Inquisition that much trouble.

Isab. Your anger makes you blind—accusing me
Of things I never did.

Gil. You never did !

Isab. But so it is, poor women must submit
To such insinuations.

Gil. Pray, was't I
Insinuated that letter then ?

Isab. Peace, peace !
I can explain it all, and shall, when fit.
What would you have of me ? You are my brother,
And not my husband, sir ; consider that :
And therefore, in fraternal kindness bound,
Should even take my word without ado.
You talk of honour : is not honour then
Slow to suspect—would rather be deceived
Itself than prematurely to accuse ?
I am your sister, Perez, and I know
My duty towards you and myself. Enough—
Which, if you cannot understand, to-morrow
I must repeat in quite another language. [*Exit.*

Gil. She says not ill ; it better were indeed
Had I kept on the mask a little longer,
Till they had dropt theirs beyond all denial.
She's right, and I was wrong ; but from this time
I'll steer another course.

Enter CASILDA.

Cas. A gentleman
(Of Portugal, he says,) is at the door,
And asks for you.
Gil. Bid him come in. Away,
My troubles, for a while ! [*Exit* CASILDA.

Enter MANUEL MENDEZ.

Man. 'Twas well, Gil Perez,
You sent so quickly, or my impetuosity
Had overrun your leave.
Gil. What, Manuel Mendez !
Come to my arms. What ! you in Salvatierra ?
Man. And, I assure you, at no small expense
Of risk and heart-ache.
Gil. That's unwelcome news.
Man. Not when 'tis all forgotten in the joy
Of seeing you again.
Gil. I shall not rest

Till I have heard ; ill-manner'd though it be
To tax a man scarce winded from a journey
With such expense of breath.

Man. Then listen, Gil.
You, I am sure, remember (time and absence
Cannot have washt so much from memory)
The pleasant time when you were last at Lisbon,
And grac'd my house by making it your home.
I need not tell of all we did and talk'd,
Save what concerns me now ; of the fair lady
You knew me then enamour'd of, (how deeply
I need not say—being a Portuguese,
Which saying, all is said)—Donna Juana,
At whose mere name I tremble, as some seer
Smit with the sudden presence of his God.
Two years we lived in the security
Of mutual love, with so much jealousy
(Without which love is scarcely love at all)
As serv'd to freshen up its sleeping surface,
But not to stir its depths. Ah, dangerous
To warm the viper, or, for idle sport,
Trust to the treacherous sea—sooner or later
They turn upon us ; so these jealousies
I lik'd to toy with first turn'd upon me ;
When suddenly a rich young cavalier,

Well grac'd with all that does and ought to please,
(For I would not revenge me with my tongue
Upon his name, but with my sword in 's blood,)
Demanded her in marriage of her father ;
Who being poor, and bargains quickly made
'Twixt avarice and wealth, quickly agreed.
The wedding day drew nigh that was to be
The day of funeral too—mixt dance and dirge,
And grave and bridal chamber both in one.
The guests were met ; already night began
Loose the full tide of noisy merriment,
When I strode in ; straight through the wedding throng
Up to the bride and bridegroom where they were,
And, seizing her with one hand, with the other
Struck him a corpse ; and daring all, to die
Fighting, or fighting carry off my prize,
Carried her off ; lifted her on a horse
I had outside ; struck spur ; and lightning-like
Away, until we reach'd the boundary
Of Portugal, and, safe on Spanish ground,
At last drew breath and bridle. Then on hither,
Where I was sure of refuge in the arms
Of my old friend Gil Perez ; whom I pray
Not so much on the score of an old friendship,

So long and warm, but as a fugitive
Asking protection at his generous hands—
A plea the noble never hear in vain.
Nor for myself alone, but for my lady
Who comes with me, and whom I just have left
Under the poplars by the river-side,
Till I had told my news, and heard your answer.
A servant whom we met with on the way,
Pointed your house out—whither, travel-tir'd,
Press'd for my life, and deep in love with her
I bring, as curst by those I left behind,
And trusting him I come to—

Gil. Tut, tut, tut !
Go on so, I'll not answer you at all ;
All this fine talk to me ! from Manuel Mendez !
As if 'twere not enough to say "Friend Gil,
I've left a gentleman I slew behind,
And got a living lady with me, so
Am come to visit you." Why go about
With phrases and fine speeches ? I shall answer
Quite unpolitely thus, "Friend Manuel,
This house of mine is yours—for months, for years,
For all your life, with all the service in 't
That I or mine can do for you." So back,
And bring your lady, telling her from me

I stay behind because I am unapt
At such fine speeches as her lover makes.
Man. Oh, let me thank you—
Gil. Nay, 'twere better far
Go to your lady ; who may be ill at ease
Alone in a strange place. [*Exit* MANUEL.
What, Isabel ! (*She enters.*)
Isabel, if my former love and care
Deserve of you at all, forget awhile
All difference, (for there's a time for all,)
And help me now to honour an old friend
To whom I owe great hospitalities ;
Manuel Mendez, who with his bride is come
To be my guest.
Isab. I'll do my best for you.
But hark ! what noise ? (*Shouts and fighting within.*)
Gil. A quarrel's up somewhere.
Voice within. Take him alive or dead.
Another voice. He'll slip us yet !
Isab. Some one on horseback flying at full speed
From his pursuers.
Voices within. Fire upon him ! fire ! (*Shots within.*)
Isab. Mercy, he's dead !
Gil. Not he ; only his horse ;
And see he's up again, and gallantly

Flashing his sword around on his pursuers
Keeps them at bay, and fighting, fighting, still
Retreats—

Isab. And to our house too—

Enter DON ALONSO.

Alon. Shelter ! shelter !
In pity to a wretched man at last
Foredone !

Gil. What, Don Alonso !

Alon. But a moment,
To ask you cover my retreat, Gil Perez ;
My life depends on reaching Portugal.

Gil. Away then to the bridge you see below there.
God speed you.

Alon. And keep you ! [*Exit.*

Voices without. This way ! this way !

Gil. But just in time !

Enter SHERIFF *with Officers.*

Officer. I'm sure he pass'd by here.

Gil. Well, gentlemen, your business ?

Sher. Don Alonso—
Came he this way ?

Gil. He did, and he went that,
And must almost, unless I much mistake,

Be got to Portugal. For, by the Lord, sir,
His feet seem'd feather'd with the wind !
Sher. Away then !
After him !
Gil. Stop a moment !
Sher. Stop ! what mean you ?
Gil. Just what I say. Come, Mr. Sheriff, come,
You've done your duty ; be content with that ;
And don't hunt gentlemen like wolves to death ;
Justice is one thing, and fair play's another,
All the world over.
Sher. When I've got my man
I'll answer you.
Gil. Perhaps before.
Sher. Why, sir,
Would you detain me ?
Gil. Why, if logic fails,
I must try other argument.
Sher. As what, sir ?
Gil. Why, mathematical. As how ? Look here.
You see me draw this line. Well then, 'fore God,
The man who passes it—dies. Q. E. D.
Sher. Down with him !
Gil. Back, I advise you.
Voices. Down with him !

Gil. Chicken-hearts! Curs! Oh, you will down with me,
Will you indeed? and this the way you do it?
(*He fights with them.*)

One. Oh, I am slain.
Sher. I'm wounded.
Gil. Back with you!
[*Exit, driving them in.*

SCENE II. *The River-side.—Enter* JUANA *and* MANUEL.

Jua. Oh never did I owe more to your love,
Than for this quick return.
Man. O my Juana,
The love such beauty as your own inspires,
Surmounts impossibilities. However,
I needed not go on to Salvatierra,
Lighting on what I look'd for by the way,
Among the mountains; where my friend Gil Perez
(Whose honour I insult if I declare it)
Has pitcht his tent, with hospitality
Prophetic of our coming;
So peaceably our love may fold its wings
Under the shadow of my friend's.
Jua. Oh, Manuel,

She who has left home, country, friends, and fame,
And would contentedly leave life, for you,
Desires no other temple of her love
Than a bleak rock, whose unchang'd stedfastness
Shall not out-wear her own.
Alon. (*within*). I can no more!
Jua. Listen! What noise is that?
Man. A cavalier
Still with his sword in his exhausted hand.
He falls!

Enter ALONSO, *who falls at the side.*

Alon. They e'en must have me.
Man. Courage, sir.
Wounded? (*Voices within.*)
Alon. Hark! the bloodhounds are close by;
And worse, they must have slain Gil Perez first,
Who else—

Enter GIL.

Gil. Confound the rogues, they've got the bridge
And the way to 't, and heav'n itself, I think,
To fight upon their side.
Man. Gil, what is this?

Gil. Trying to help a friend out of a ditch,
I've tumbled in myself.
Man. Come, we are two
In hand, and one in heart ; at least can fight
And die together.
Alon. Nay, add me ;
The cause—
Gil. There's but a moment. Manuel,
I charge you by your friendship,
Draw not your sword to-day.
Man. Not I my sword
When theirs are on you ?
Jua. (*clinging to* MANUEL). Heav'ns !
Voices, within. This way ! this way !
Man. They're coming.
Gil. (*to* ALONSO). Listen ! you can swim ?
Alon. Alas—
Gil. I mean upon my shoulders. Manuel,
We two shall cross to Portugal,
Where follow us they may, but cannot seize us.
Meanwhile I leave you master of my house
And honour, centred (no time to say more)
In Isabel, my sister. Swear to me
That you will see to this.
Man. I swear it, Gil.

Gil. Enough, your hand! Adieu! Now courage, sir!

(*Takes* ALONSO *on his shoulders and plunges into the river.*)

Jua. The man swims like a dolphin.

Gil. (*within*). Manuel.
Remember!

Man. How he wrestles with the flood!
And now is half-way over.

Gil. (*within*). Manuel,
Remember! I have trusted all to you.

Man. Waste not your breath. I'll do 't.

Gil. (*within*). Adieu!

Man. Adieu!

[*Exit* MANUEL *with* JUANA.

SCENE III. *The Portuguese bank of the River.—Enter the* ADMIRAL *of Portugal and* DONNA LEONOR *as from hunting.*

Adm. Since summer's fiery Sirius, fair cousin,
Neither from place nor power in heaven declines,
Will you not rest?

Leonor. Ah, what a noble sport
Is hunting! who so abject-spirited
As not to love its generous cruelty?

Adm. It is indeed a noble imitation
Of noblest war. As when a white-tuskt boar
Holds out alone against the yelling pack,
Gores one, o'erthrows another, all the while
Bristling his back like to some ridge of spears :
While many a gallant hound, foil'd in his onset,
Tears his own flesh in disappointed rage,
Then to the charge again—he and his foe,
Each with redoubled fury firing up :
A chivalry that nature has implanted
Ev'n in the heart of beasts.

Leonor. So in falconry,
That I love even better ; when the heron
Mounts to the wandering spheres of air and fire,
Pois'd between which alternately she burns
And freezes, while two falcons, wheeling round,
Strive to out-mount her, tilting all along
The fair blue field of heaven for their lists ;
Until out-ris'n and stricken, drencht in blood,
Plumb down she falls like to some crimson star ;
A rivalry that nature has implanted
Ev'n in the breast of birds.

Enter PEDRO.

Ped. Which is the way, I wonder ? What with

fright and weariness, I must rest awhile. Well, this is Portugal, where, to be sure, a poor Spanish pimp may hope to escape ferocious honour. That I should lose a post where others make their thousands at my first function! But who are these? Fine folks too! Pray Heaven they be in want of an officer.

Adm. A horse will soon carry you to the villa. Hark you, sir! (*To* PEDRO.)

Ped. My lord!

Adm. Who are you?

Ped. Nay, how should I know?

Adm. But are you one of my people?

Ped. Yes, if you like it. As said Lord Somebody, who neither serv'd king, man, nor God, but who entering the palace one day at supper-time, and seeing all the chamberlains at work without their coats, whips off his, and begins carrying up dishes. Suddenly in comes the major-domo, who perceiving a stranger, asks if he be sworn of the service. "Not yet," says he, "but if swearing is all that's wanted, I'll swear to what you please." So 'tis with me. Make me your servant, and I'll swear and forswear anything.

Adm. You are liberal of your humour.

Ped. 'Tis all I have to be liberal of; and it would not be right to spare that.

Gil. (*within*). Hold on, hold on !

Leonor. Who's that ?

Adm. Look, some one with erect head and vigorous arms, buffeting the wave before him.

Leonor. With another on his shoulders too.

Adm. (*to* PEDRO). Now, would you win an earnest of future favour, plunge in to his assistance.

Ped. I would, sir, but I'm a wretched swimmer.

Leonor. They have reacht the shore at last.

Enter GIL PEREZ *and* ALONSO, *drencht.*

Alon. Thank Heaven for our escape !

Gil. Ah, we're well quit of it.

Ped. Now, sir, if I can help. But Lord ha' mercy ! (*Sees* GIL.)

Adm. What ! going just when you are wanted ?

Ped. I was born, my lord, with a tender heart ; that seeing these poor fellows so drencht, bleeds for them. That he should pursue me even to Portugal ! (*Is creeping away.*)

Adm. What ! only just come, and going ?

Ped. Oh, my lord, a sudden call. Excuse me.

[*Exit.*

Adm. 'Tis an idiot. But let me help you.

Alon. My life is in your hand.

Adm. In my hand? How is that?

Alon. You shall hear, if I may first know to whom I tell my story. Misfortune forces me to be cautious.

Adm. You are right; but need fear nothing from the Lord High Admiral of Portugal, who now speaks to you, and pledges himself to protect you so long as you stand on his estate.

Alon. Enough, my lord.
My name is Don Alonso de Tordoya,
Not un-illustrious in Spain. I love
A noble lady; whom going to visit,
When this same westering sun was young in heav'n,
I found a rival with her. I rush'd out,
Bidding him follow with his sword; he follow'd;
We fought, and with two passes in his side
I left him dead: the cry was after us;
The officers of justice at my heels.
No time to lose; I leap'd upon a horse,
And rode, until a shot, aim'd at his rider,
Kill'd him; then, taking to my feet, fled on,
Till, coming to a country house, I saw,
To my great joy, my friend—

Gil. Here enter I;
Who, seeing Don Alonso so hard set,

Offer'd my services to keep them back
Till he was safe in Portugal.
That country house of mine—a pleasure house
Some call it, though I've found but little there—
Stands in a narrow mountain gorge, through which
He and the bloodhounds after him must pass
To reach the river ; as he says, he came,
And saw, and fled ; had scarce got fifty yards,
Up comes the Sheriff with his yelling pack
Panting and blowing. First most courteously
I begg'd them spare themselves as well as him
Further pursuit, but all in vain ; push on
They would ; whereon I was oblig'd to draw ;
Disabled four or five, Heav'n help their souls !
Till, having done as much as he to figure
In justice's black book, like him I fled
After him to the river ; where on finding
The bridge occupied by the enemy,
Catching my sword between my teeth, and him
Upon my shoulders, I so dash'd in,
And, at last, over ; where now, thanks to Heav'n,
We meet your Excellency, who vouchsafes
Your shelter and protection.

Adm. 'Twas my word,
And I'll abide by't.

Alon. I have need
Of all assurance, for the man I slew
Was of great note.
Adm. His name ?
Alon. Prefacing that he was a cavalier
Of wholly noble parts and estimation,
And that 'tis no disparagement to valour
To be unfortunate, I may repeat it,—
Don Diego d'Alvarado.
Adm. Wretched man !
My cousin ! you have slain him !
Leonor. You have slain
My brother, traitor !
Gil. Oh, I see my sword
Must e'en be out again.
Alon. Your Excellency
Will pause before he draws his sword on one
Surrender'd at his feet. My lord, remember
I slew Don Diego in the face of day,
In fair and open duel. And, beside,
Is not your Excellency's honour pledg'd
To my security?
Gil. Beside all which,
I say that if all Portugal, and all
Within it, admiralty and army too,

Combine, you shall not touch him while I live.
Adm. I know not what to do ; upon one side
My promise, on the other the just call
Of retribution for my kinsman's death.
I must adjudge between them. Don Alonso,
The word of Honour is inviolable,
But not less so her universal law.
So long as you stand upon ground of mine
I hold your person sacred : for so far
My promise holds ; but set your foot beyond
E'en but an inch—remember, death awaits you.
And so farewell.
Leonor. Nay, hold ! though you have pledged
Your promise—
Adm. What I pledge is pledg'd for you,
As for myself ; content you.
[*Exeunt* ADMIRAL *and* LEONOR.
Alon. Well, friend Gil,
What say you to all this ?
Gil. Why then, I say,
At least 'tis better than it was. To-day
The mouse, shut in the cupboard, there must stay :
But will jump out to-morrow—if she may.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Wood near San Lucar in Andalusia.—Enter* MANUEL *and* JUANA *as travelling.*

Man. Misfortune on misfortune !
Jua. Ay, they call
One to another.
Man. Ah, my love !
That you should wander thus about with me
And find no home ! Gallicia, that I thought
Should be our port, unkindly storm'd us out
To Salvatierra, whence before the gale
We drive to Andalusia.
Jua. Manuel,
My home is ever where you are.
Man. Oh how
Requite such love ! but you shall rest awhile
Till I and the poor fellow we pick'd up
Have found fit resting-place in San Lucar.
Pedro !

Enter PEDRO.

Ped. Sir !
Man. Come you with me ;
While you, Juana, underneath those trees—

Jua. Weep your departure. [*Exit* JUANA.
Man. It shall not be long.
Although her grief blindly anticipates
A longer separation than she knows!
Ped. Alas, and how is that? and how can you
Foredoom such pain to one who loves you so?
Pardon me who am but your servant, sir,
And that but these two days, for saying it.
Man. Ah, Pedro, 'tis not I who wills all this,
But fate; that, stronger than all human will,
Drove me from Portugal to Gallicia,
Thence hither; where my fate still urging on,
I must to sea, joining the armament
That sails to plant the banner of the church
Over the golden turrets of the north:
Leaving my lady—not, as you surmise,
Deserted and dishonour'd here behind,
But in some holy house at San Lucar,
With all the little substance I possess,
Till I return. For to a soldier
His sword is property enough. (*Drums within.*)
Ped. And hark
The drum that answers you—
Man. No doubt a troop
Recruiting for this war.

Ped. See, they are coming.

Man. I'll take occasion by the forelock then.
Pedro, go, tell the Ensign of the troop
Two men would join his ranks. I'll to Juana. [*Exit.*

Enter GIL PEREZ *with soldiers.*

Ped. This one looks affable. Pray, sir, can you courteously inform me which is the Ensign ?

Soldier. There—he with the red sash.

Ped. What, he with the lofty presence and broad shoulders ?

Soldier. Ay !

Gil (*to the soldiers*). Well then, my lads, we shall agree together very well, eh ?

Soldiers. Long live our noble Ensign !

[*Exeunt soldiers.*

Ped. Now's the time !

Gil (*to himself*). 'Fore heaven, this soldiering would be pleasant enough did not that trouble follow and plague me.

Ped. Sir !

Gil. Leaving Isabel at such a risk—

Ped. Sir Ensign !

Gil. That as fast as I gain honour here I run the chance of losing more at home.

Ped. Noble Sir Ensign !

Gil. One good thing, however, my good Manuel keeps guard for me.

Ped. He must surely be deaf this side—I'll try the other. Noble Ensign !

Gil (*turning round*). Who is that ?

Ped. (*recognising him gradually*). A soldier—no, I only mean one who would be—no soldier. If I said I wish'd to be a soldier, sir, I lied.

Gil. Rascal ! you here ? did I not warn you whenever and wherever—

Ped. Oh yes, yes, but how should I ever expect to find you here a soldiering ?

Gil (*setting upon him*). I'll teach you I *am* here, scoundrel, to whom I owe half my trouble.

Ped. Help ! murder ! help !

Enter MANUEL.

Man. A soldier set upon my servant ! stop, sir ! how do you dare—Gil Perez !

Gil. Manuel !

Man. Why, did I not leave you in Portugal ?

Gil. And I you at Salvatierra, engaged to me by solemn promise and old love to guard my honour there ?

Man. We both have cause for wonder. I will tell you all ; but first we must be alone.

Gil. Ay, another wonder ; this fellow yours ?

Man. In travelling hither we found him by the way, and took him.

Gil. Well, this saves your life for this time, sir : but, remember, you will not always have a friend at hand to do so much for you.

Ped. I know that ; I only wish you would be so gracious as to tell me where you are next bound, that I may take good care not to go thither. But I know one place at least to which you cannot follow me—my own estate—and thither I set off immediately.

[*Exit.*

Gil. We are alone. Come, I will tell you first
My story. As you say you saw us last,
Alonso and myself, in Portugal ;
Such an escape as (so the wise men say)
Is from the frying-pan into the fire.
We landing from the river on the estate
Of that great potentate the High Admiral,
Whose cousin, it turn'd out, was the very man
Alonso slew ; whereat the Admiral,
Who had, before he knew this, promis'd us
Protection, gave us truly such protection

As the cat gives the mouse that she thinks safe
Under her paw. But we escap'd from her,
And after much adventures came at last
To San Lucar here, where the Duke, who now
Is general of the war that our good king
Wages with England, courteously receiv'd us ;
Gave Don Alonso a regiment ; made me
An Ensign in it as you see ; enough—
I know you will not wish a longer story
From one whose heart, until you tell him yours,
Hangs from a hair.

Man. To take the story up then
Where you did, Perez—scarcely had you plung'd
Into the river, than the sheriff's rout
Came after you ; but, seeing all was lost,
Went angry to their homes, and I to yours ;
Where I receiv'd such hospitality
As our old friendship—But I falter here,
Scarce knowing how to tell—
Nay, almost doubting if to tell at all,
Or to conceal, what to conceal and tell
At once were best. You made me promise, Gil,
At parting—yea, with those last words hard wrung
Out of your breathless struggle with the flood—
That I would watch the honour of your house.

I did so : and it is because I did so
That I was forc'd to leave it.
Gil. Manuel,
Your words are slaying me by syllables.
But tell me all—How was't ?
Man. One Juan Baptista
Courted your sister.
Gil. Well ?
Man. And came at last
To such a boldness, that one night he stole
Into the house.
Gil. Manuel !
Man. I, who was watching,
Ran from my chamber, found a muffled man ;
Threw myself on him ; he, alerter yet,
Leap'd from the window, and I after him
Into the street, where two he'd posted there
Came to his rescue ; one of them I slew,
The other wounded, while the rogue himself
Fled and escap'd. What could I do, my friend,
A foreigner, charg'd with a homicide
In a strange country, with Juana too
Involv'd with me ? If I were wrong to fly,
I did so thinking how yourself would act
In a like case.

Gil. 'Tis true, I cannot blame you.
Ah! he said truer may be than he meant,
Who liken'd a true friend to a true mirror,
That shows one all oneself indeed, but all
Revers'd; that when I look into your breast
To see my honour, I but see disgrace
Reflected there. I must begone at once
To Salvatierra; for to leave my name
In danger is to let it run to shame.

Enter ALONSO.

Oh, Don Alonso, you are come in time.
If aught that I have ever done for you
Deserve return, requite me, I beseech you,
By giving Manuel here the Ensigncy
I must throw up.

Alon. But why?

Gil. I must at once
To Salvatierra, where my honour lies
In the utmost peril.

Alon. But—

Gil. I am resolv'd.

Alon. I fain might try dissuade you, but I know
Your honour will not call in vain. Enough:

Be't as you will—on one condition.

Gil. Well?

Alon. That I may go with you, and share your risk,
Who more than shar'd, and conquer'd mine.

Man. Nay, sir,
If any one do that it must be I,
His older friend, who bringing this ill news
Must see him safely through it.

Alon. But 'twas I
Who drew him from his home, where, till I came,
He liv'd in peace and quiet, but where now
This outrage has grown up in his forc'd absence.
And surely, the world over, 'tis ill manners
For one who, having drawn a friend from home,
Lets him return alone.

Man. Well, be you courteous,
I'll not be cowardly.

Gil. Oh, this rivalry
Proves the nobility of both! But, friends,
Neither must go with me; you both are here
Fled in like peril of your lives from home,
And how could I avail me of your love
At such a price? Nay, I may want you both
In greater risks hereafter; and whom look to,
If you be lost?

Alon. True, but if one of us
Went with you now, the other—
Man. And that one
Must be myself.
Alon. You see, sir, one *will* go.
Do you choose which.
Man. Content.
Gil. How shall I choose,
When to choose one must needs the other hurt?
But if it needs must be—
I say that Don Alonso, so engag'd
In high and even holy business here,
Must not forego't for mine. If one will come,
Let it be Manuel.
Alon. I live to hear
This insult from your lips! But I'll have vengeance;
Neither shall go unless you take with you
Thus much at least to compensate
For what you leave. These jewels may assist you
Where my sword cannot. (*Giving jewels.*)
Gil. I accept them, sir,
As freely as they're given. Come, embrace me.
And now to punish an unworthy sister,
And that ill traitor, from whose heart I swear
My bleeding honour with this sword to tear.

SCENE II. *Outside* GIL PEREZ'S *House at Salvatierra; as in* ACT I. SCENE I.—*Enter* ISABEL *and* CASILDA.

Isab. What! Donna Leonor d'Alvarado, come to Salvatierra?

Cas. Yes.

Isab. And for what purpose?

Cas. They say, to avenge her brother's death. I myself have seen her conferring with Juan Baptista.

Isab. And what do you infer from that?

Cas. He is, they say, chief witness against Don Alonso and your brother, for this murder.

Isab. Against my brother too! O Casilda, is it not shameful that Juan Baptista should revenge with slanders behind my brother's back whom he dares not meet face to face! Nay, that a traitor be revenged at all on him he has betrayed! thriving here at home while my brother is banisht!

Cas. But there's something else. He charges your brother's friend Manuel with murdering his men.

Isab. In proving which, my honour must be publicly canvassed and compromised!

Enter PEDRO.

Ped. Oh, what a long way it has seemed; as it will

when fear fetters one's legs. Oh, permit me, madam, since fate has sent me back to your feet, to kiss but the little toe, the pink, the pearl, the petty Benjamin of those ten toes. But above all, tell me, for Heaven's sake, is my master here?

Isab. No, Pedro, you at least are safe. He, alas, is far away.

Ped. So one might think; but yet on the other hand I'd swear he must be here.

Isab. Pedro!

Ped. Oh yes, his sole vocation now is to dodge my steps like some avenging ghost of *Capa and Espada*.

Enter JUAN BAPTISTA.

Bapt. (*speaking to himself*). If they condemn him
To death, as, on my evidence alone,
They must, he'll not return to plague me more
At Salvatierra. But, fair Isabel,
How blest am I on whom the star of beauty,
Bright rival of the sun,
Beams out such rays of love!

Isab. Stand off! Away!
Not rays of love, whatever heretofore
I and my beauty may have beam'd, Baptista,

But now, if rays at all, lightnings of rage
And indignation from my heart and eyes.
Approach them at your peril ! What, false traitor,
You come to court me with my brother's blood
Upon you, shed too in no manly duel,
Face to face, hand to hand, in the open field,
But like a murderer,
Behind his back stabbing him dead with slander—
Never ! [*Exit.*

Bapt. But, Isabel !

Cas. Your day is over. [*Exit.*

Bapt. And that I should lose her by the very means I hoped to win her with !

Ped. Let not this prevent your memory acknowledging one who has suffered banishment, and lives in terror of his life, on your account.

Bapt. Pedro !

Ped. And at your service.

Bapt. Ah, would you were !

Ped. Try me.

Bapt. But are you still Isabel's servant ?

Ped. I trust so.

Bapt. Oh, good Pedro, I would fain explain to her, and wipe out (as I easily can) the offence she has taken against me ; and if you will but be my friend,

and leave the door ajar to-night, that I may tell her the whole story, I'll pay you well for it.

Ped. Well, I think there can be no danger in that. Why, if you should happen to call loudly outside the door to-night, and I let you in, forgetting to ask who it is—surely I shall not be to blame?

Bapt. 'Tis well; the sun is already setting; go you to your post, and I shall be at mine immediately.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III. *A Room in* GIL PEREZ'S *House.—Enter* ISABEL *and* CASILDA.

Isab. Casilda, now the flaming sun has set,
See to the doors; and you and Inez there
Sing to me—'twill beguile my melancholy.
No merry song, however; something sad
As my own fancies. (*They sing within.*)
Hark! what noise is that?
One calling at the door at such an hour!—
Again!—Bid Pedro see—
Why, what is it that makes me tremble so?
From head to foot—

Enter PEDRO *hurriedly.*

Ped. O madam!

Isab. Well ?

Ped. O madam—
Opening the door—only to ask—a man
All muffled up ran by me—(*Aside.*) 'Tis all right.

Enter GIL PEREZ, *cloakt.*

Isab. Who's this ?

Gil. (*discovering himself*). I, Isabel.

Isab. Oh heavens !

Gil. Well, sister,
What troubles you ?

Ped. Oh Lord, oh Lord, oh Lord ! (*Hides.*)

Isab. O Gil, how have you dared to venture here,
Your very life at stake !

Gil. Small risk to one
Whom your ill doings have half kill'd already.

Isab. I do not understand you—

Gil. You need not :
I come not to explain, but to avenge ;
And, mark my words, what I have come to do,
I'll do.

Isab. Alas ! is it my fault then, brother,
That traitors of their gold can make them wings
To fly into my house ?

Gil. Be not afraid ;

I shall not judge of you or any one
Unheard, as others seem to judge of me.
What is the matter?
Isab. Nay, I only know
You are accus'd of aiding, how I know not,
In Don Diego's death—on evidence,
As 'tis believ'd, the Judge (who now is here,
Inflam'd by Donna Leonor) declares
Sufficient to convict you of your life
And property—Alas, alas, my brother!
Gil. You shall away with me; for 'tis not well
To leave you here alone and unprotected.
But I must see first what this Judge has got
To say against me.
Isab. But how get at it?
Gil. Why from the fountain-head. But, by the Lord,
If I must fly or die for't,
I'll not do so for nothing, I'll begin
My vengeance on this rascal. (*Pulling out* PEDRO.)
Ped. Oh begin
On some one else and sum up all on me!
Gil. How come you here?
Ped. Oh, I will tell the truth
And nothing but the truth.

Gil. Well !
Ped. Being assur'd
That you were coming hither—
Gil. Well ?
Ped. I came
Before.
Gil. And why, when—
Ped. That by doing so
You should not see my face, (which you declar'd,
Seeing again, you'd kill me,) but my back,
Which as you never swore at—
Gil. (*striking him*). Villain, die !
Ped. (*falling as dead*). Oh ! I am slain !
Gil. Come, Isabel, 'tis I
Must bear you on my shoulders through the flames
That rise all round. [*Exeunt* GIL *and* ISABEL.
Ped. (*rising*). Oh, angel of sham death,
How much I owe your out-spread wings to-day,
Under whose shadow—Yo escaparé. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *An open Gallery in the Judge's House at Salvatierra.—Enter Judge, and attendants, with lights, &c.*

Judge. Here in this gallery where the air is cool
Set out my desk and papers.

I must examine all these depositions.

1st Attendant. 'Tis done, my lord.

2nd Attendant. My lord, a stranger asks
Admittance—upon something, as he says,
Important to the matter now in hand.

Judge. Admit him, then.

Gil. (*without*). Manuel, keep the door ;
And, till my lord and I have had our talk,
Let no one enter.

Man. (*without*). Trust me.

Enter GIL.

Gil. First permit me
To kiss your lordship's hand. And secondly,
Having important matter to disclose
About this business, I would tell it you
Alone—

Judge (*to attendants*). Retire ! [*Exeunt attendants.*

Gil. And with your lordship's leave
Will take a chair.

Judge. Sit, sir.

Gil. May I presume
To ask your lordship how Gallicia
Agrees with you ?

Judge. I thank you, very well.
Gil. I'm very glad of that. Humph—as I take it,
Your lordship is come down into these parts
On a great trial ?
Judge. Yes, the case is this ;
A certain Don Alonso de Tordoya,
And one Gil Perez of this place, are charg'd
With slaying Don Diego d'Alvarado.
Gil. Slaying ?
Judge. In duel, sir.
Gil. I marvel much
They should have dragg'd your lordship from the city
And from the court that you so much adorn,
Into this beggarly place, to try a cause
That happens almost every day in Spain.
Judge. True, sir, but this is not by any means
The whole, or kernel, of the case. These men,
Beside, and after, the said homicide,
Resisted the king's officers ; this Perez
Especially—a notable ruffian
Who lives among these hills a lawless life
Of violence and murder—struck the Sheriff,
And—but I'm scarce entitled to say more
To one whose very name I know not.
Gil. Oh !

My name is quickly told, if that be all.

Judge. What is it then ?

Gil. Gil Perez.

Judge. Ho ! without !

Man. (*appearing at the door*). My lord !

Judge. And who are you ?

Gil. A friend of mine.

Man. Who will take care that no one else comes in,
Till you have done. [*Exit.*

Gil. Your lordship sees how 'tis—
Be not alarm'd—pray take your chair again—
I've much to say to you.

Judge (*aside*). Better submit.
This desperate man may have a score beside—
Well, sir, your business with me ?

Gil. Why, my lord,
I for these many days have been, so please you,
Away from home ; suddenly coming back,
My friends here tell me of a mortal suit
Your lordship has against me ; when I ask
For the particulars, some say one thing,
And some another. I, who naturally
Am somewhat interested in the truth,
Think it the wisest course to come at once
Straight to head-quarters.

Judge. This is strange proceeding.
Gil. Oh, if your lordship scruple telling me,
These papers will not. I'd not for the world
Annoy your lordship. (*Takes the papers.*)
Judge. What are you about, sir!
Gil. Conning my brief.
Judge. But, sir—
Gil. Now pray, my lord,
Resume your seat; let me not ask you this
So very often. (*Reading.*) Ah—the bare indictment
I know in a rough way, no need read that;
But for the evidence. Ah, here it is.
Humph; the first witness called, Andrew Ximenes:
"Andrew Ximenes, being duly sworn,
"Deposeth thus: that he was cutting wood,
"When the two gentlemen came out to fight;
"And stood to watch them; that, after some passes,
"Don Diego fell; and the officers of justice
"Then coming up, the other leap'd on horse,
"And fled: but being brought to ground by a shot
"That kill'd his horse, then ran, until he reach'd
"Gil Perez's house," —here enter I,—"who first
"Courteously ask'd the Sheriff to desist
"Hunting the gentleman; but when the Sheriff
"Persisted, drew on him and on his people,

"And fought them back ; but how and when exactly
"The wound was given, deponent cannot say.
"And all this he deposeth upon oath,
"Andrew Ximenes—" And he says the truth ;
Andrew is a good, honourable fellow.
Now for the second, Gil Parrado ; humph.
"Parrado, duly sworn, deposeth thus ;
"That hearing a commotion, he ran out
"And got in time to see"—here enter I—
"Gil Perez fighting with the officers,
"Then on a sudden running to the river
"Plunge in. And that is all he knows of it."
How short and sweet !
"Next and third witness, Juan Baptista,"—ay,
Now for this exemplary Christian—
"Juan Baptista sworn, deposeth thus :
"That, as luck fell, he was behind a tree
"When the two gentlemen came out to fight ;
"That they fought fairly hand to hand, until"—
Here enter I—"Gil Perez suddenly
"Rush'd from a thicket by, and join'd himself
"With Don Alonso, and the two together
"Maliciously and treacherously slew
"Don Diego." Pray, my lord, what is the worth
Of such a witness, who himself admits

He stood behind a tree watching two men
Set on a third, and slay him, and yet never
Ran to his help? Well—humph—"And after this,
"Saw Don Alonso jump upon a horse
"And fly, while Perez drew his sword upon
"The officers of justice, and slew one,
"And maim'd another." Give me leave, my lord,
To take this leaf. (*Tears it out.*)
I'll bring it back to you
When I have made this rascal Jew confess
(If ever Jews confess) what he *did* see,
If any thing; but fair that if a judge
Decide on evidence, that evidence
At least be true; that he should hear moreover
Both sides, accus'd as well as his accuser.
As to that Sheriff's wounds—the only count
To which I own—I never sought the fray;
The fray sought me, as I stood innocently
At my own door; and pray what man of honour—
What would your lordship's sober self have done
In such a case?

Judge. Within! within there! ho!
Perez himself is here! the culprit! Seize him!

Man. (*appearing*). Ay, do, if you can catch him.

Gil. Manuel,

Let them come up ; I have no more to say.
And you and I, who walked in by the door,
Can jump out of the window.

Voices (*within*). Seize him ! Seize him !

Judge. One word, Gil Perez ; if you yield at once,
I'll be your friend.

Gil. I make no friends of lawyers,
And never trust their promises.

Judge. If not,
As sure as Heav'n, I'll bring you to the scaffold.

Gil. If you can catch me.

Judge. Cannot I ?

Gil. Well, try.

Judge. Ho there ! upon him ; and if he resist,
Cut him down !

Man. Now then, Gil !

Gil. Now, Manuel !
Out with the lights ! or wanting them, we two
Will strike them, knaves, in plenty out of you.
(*Confusion and Melée, in which* GIL *and* MANUEL *escape.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I. *On a Mountain by Salvatierra.—Enter* GIL PEREZ, MANUEL, ISABEL, *and* JUANA.

Gil. This mountain then, upon whose wrinkled edge
The weary moon reclines, must be our fort ;
Where, in some green and shady spot of it,
(Hung round with savage, inaccessible rocks,)
While Isabel and your Juana rest,
You and I, Manuel, will steal into
The little village nestled there below,
And of such travellers as come this way,
Demand (our own all gone) a scanty living,
By fair entreaty, not by violence ;
Until, pursuit giv'n up, we may retreat
Elsewhere, to live upon what little means
Injustice leaves us.

Man. Gil, 'tis nothing new
For criminals to hide
Ev'n where they did the crime, where vengeance least
Expects to find them, and hunts round in vain.
And even should they light upon the place,
Surely we two, back'd by these friendly rocks,

Can keep at bay the rabble that we foil'd
On level ground.

Isab. I have listen'd to you both,
And take it ill you reckon on yourselves
Alone ; when I, who though a woman, having yet
Your blood, Gil Perez, running in my veins,
And something of your spirit in my heart,
Am at your side.

Jua. And I, who, like a coward,
Chime in the last ; yet, if with little power,
With right good will indeed.

Gil. Well spoken both !
But I maintain it as a golden law,
Women be women ever : keep you quiet,
And comforting yourselves as best you may,
While Manuel and I, as becomes men,
Provide for you in all.

Isab. Well, we at least,
If fit for nothing else, can pray for you.

[*Exeunt* ISABEL *and* JUANA.

Gil. Now they are gone, I want to talk with you
On a grave matter, Manuel. 'Tis this.
Among those depositions at the Judge's,
One rascal, and a rascal too whose gold
Makes weigh his witness against honesty,

Declar'd on oath he saw me, me, Gil Perez,
Abetting Don Alonso treacherously
To slay Don Diego.
Man. Who was this?
Gil. Why one
Who has not this alone to answer for,
As you will know when I name—Juan Baptista.
Man. A coward, who, as all such villains do,
Flies to the tongue for vengeance, not the sword;
Behind one's back too—
Why, let us go at once, and in broad day
Before all eyes, before the very Judge's
He lied to, drag the rascal from his house,
And make him eat his words in the very place
He spit them forth in.
Gil. All this we will do,
But at some better opportunity,
And fitter place. I've heard my grandsire say,
"If you begin the fray, why then
You must abide the how and when;
But who's drawn into it, I trow,
May suit himself with when and how."
But footsteps! Hark!—
Now to commence our calling, as new members
Of the most courteous cut-purse company.

Enter LEONARDO, *travelling.*

Leon. (*speaking as he enters*). Lead on the horses, Mendo, 'tis so pleasant
Under the shadow of these wooded rocks,
I'll walk some way alone.
Gil. Your servant, sir.
Leon. Sir, God be with you.
Gil. Travelling all alone?
And whither, may I ask?
Leon. To Lisbon, sir.
Gil. And whence?
Leon. I started at the break of day
From Salvatierra.
Gil. Ay? Then you can tell
What news is stirring there.
Leon. Oh nothing, sir.
Unless perhaps the exploits of a fellow
The terror of that country; one Gil Perez,
I think; who, when justice was at his heels
After some crime or other I forget,
Wounded the Sheriff, kill'd his officer,
And then was impudent enough to walk
Into the very Judge's house, and there,
Before his very eyes, snatch up and read

The depositions drawn up against him.

Gil. A very curious story, that!

Leon. And then,
Though half the place was up in arms on him,
He, and another who is, as I hear,
Much such another rascal as himself,
Broke through them all and got away scot free!
But they are after him.

Gil. This is the news?

Leon. All that I know of.

Gil. Well—before you go,
I'll ask you, sir, who by your speech and bearing
Seem a good fellow. If a friend of yours,
Came flying for his life, the Philistines
Close on his heels, and fell before your feet,
At your own door, exhausted, and beseeching
Help and protection of you—let me ask
What would you do?

Leon. What do? why, give it him.

Gil. You would? and would you, in so doing,
Deserve the name of rascal for your pains?

Leon. No, certainly.

Gil. And when a writ was out
Against you for so doing, charging you
With murder, threatening death and confiscation,

Would you be more a rascal for demanding
Such needful information of the Judge
As he alone could give of evidence
Which you suspected, and found false?

Leon. No, truly.

Gil. One question more. If, damn'd by such false witness,
You were found guilty, all your property
Confiscated, yourself condemn'd to die,
Might not you fly the misdirected sword
Of justice, and of those who well could spare
Beg a poor tithe of what she robb'd you wholly,
And be no rascal still?

Leon. Oh clearly, clearly.

Gil. This granted then, look to the inference.
I am Gil Perez; I who struck the Sheriff,
And kill'd his man, and read the Judge's papers,
And flying hither, shorn of house and home,
Ask you for that of which the law robs me;
Which, having plenty, if you will not give,
By your own free admission I may take,
And be no rascal still.

Leon. You need not use
My argument against me; I respect
And pity you, Gil Perez; take this chain;

If it be not enough, I pledge my word
I'll bring you more hereafter.
Gil. All you say
Tells of a generous heart. But ere I take
Your present, tell me—do you give it me
For fear, alone, and in my power, may be,
Or of good will?
Leon. Good will! I swear to you,
Gil Perez, I would even do the same
Had I a squadron at my side.
Gil. As such
I take it, then. For when my life must pay,
As soon or late it must, the penalty
Of hungry vengeance, I shall lay it down
Contented in my conscience, and report
That I but took from those who had to give,
And freely gave; the only retribution
My evil star allow'd me.
Leon. True enough.
Is there aught else that I can do for you?
Gil. Nothing.
Leon. Farewell—and may a better fate
Await you.
Gil. Farewell—shall I see you safe
Over the mountain?

Leon. Not a step—adieu [*Exit.*

Man. Sure, never robbery was known to wear
So fair a face.

Gil. Tut, tut, you're not to call it
Robbery, but preferment, Manuel.
But who are these ?

Enter two Farmers.

1*st Farm.* I tell you I have bought the stock of vines
Upon his farm.

2*nd Farm.* What, Gil's ?

1*st Farm.* Yes ; sold, you know,
To pay the costs of prosecution,
Judges and Alguazils and such ; and I
Am carrying them the money.

Man. Fair game this.

Gil. I know him, a near neighbour. Well, friend Antony,
How goes it with you ?

1*st Farm.* What ! Gil Perez ! you !
When the whole country's after you ?

Gil. And if they catch me nobody's the worse
Except myself. But till they catch and kill me,
(When I shall want, you know, no more to live on,)
I've not a stiver ; clipt of the estate

Whose price you carry in your pocket there.
Now, I'd not starve ; but, on the other hand,
Would not wrong any one to keep me from't :
How shall we settle that ?
1st Farm. Oh easily—
Take this—and this (*offers money*)—I had better give it up
At once, for fear. (*Aside.*)
Gil. But do you give me this
Of free good will ?
1st Farm. Why as to that, Gil Perez,
My will is good to serve you ; but, you see,
I am not very rich.
Gil. You mean by that
You would not give this money could you help it ?
1st Farm. Why certainly.
Gil. Then keep it and begone
In peace.
1st Farm. Gil Perez !
Gil. I'll not have it said
I robb'd—not shamed to beg in my distress.
2nd Farm. And I pray, Gil, and he who likes may hear me,
God keep you from your enemies. I have here
Six pieces that my wife knows nothing of ;

You're welcome.

Gil. Not a penny ; go your ways,
Or night will reach you ere you reach your homes.

[*Exeunt Farmers.*

Man. Gil, while you talk'd with them, I've heard a sound
As of pursuit—listen !—and many too.

Gil. Let us up higher then !

Man. Beware, the trees
Will whisper of our whereabout.

Gil. Then here
Behind the rocks that tell no tales.

Man. Quick, quick ! (*They hide.*)

Enter DONNA LEONOR, JUAN BAPTISTA, *Judge*, *Alguazils*, *&c.*

Bapt. Here, madam, till the scorching sun be sunk,
Tarry awhile.

Leonor. My cousin's grievous sickness
Calls me with all speed homeward.

Judge. And as yet
No vestige of these ruffians, whom to find
And bring to justice, madam, in your cause,
I'll peril my own life.

Gil. Hist, Manuel !

Man. Ay, but speak lower.

Gil. When better than now
Can I avenge Alonso and myself,
When judge, accus'd, accuser, and false witness,
Are all together?

Man. Wait awhile.

Gil. But—

Man. See,
Fresh comers.

Gil. I shall lose the golden moment.

Enter some, dragging along PEDRO.

Judge. A prisoner?

1*st Man.* One of Gil Perez's knaves, my lord, whom we have just now caught creeping over to Portugal. The very day Perez swam over there this fellow was missed from Salvatierra, and returned on the very evening of his return.

Judge. Very suspicious indeed.

Pedro. Very, my lord, I grant it. Yes, wherever I go, to Portugal, Flanders, Germany, China, Japan, 'tis all the same. I am sure to find him there.

Judge. You know then where he is now?

Ped. Oh, doubtless close at hand: he must be, I

being here ; he is such a constant master, that if you put me in prison he'll soon surrender only to follow me there.

Judge. Point out the place, then.

Ped. Would to Heav'n I could, for were he clapt up safe I'd not follow *him*, I promise you. Indeed, my lord, I live in terror of my life from him.
Flying from him it was I fled from home
To Portugal ; where the first man I saw
Was he I thought I'd left at Salvatierra :
Flying to Andalusia, the first face
I saw was his I left in Portugal :
Till, rushing homeward in despair, the man
I thought I'd left behind in Andalusia,
Met me at once, and having knockt me down,
Left me for dead. Well, I got up at last,
And fled again : but, scarcely got a mile,
Your people seize me on suspicion
Of knowing where he hides, and so far justly,
That carrying me by way of a decoy,
I'll lay my life he soon were in the trap.

Judge. Your folly, or your cunning, sir, shall not mislead us ; tell me where your master is at once, or the wooden horse—

Ped. Alas, I'm a bad rider.

Judge. Take him to the village and keep him close. By his looks I doubt not, spite of this affected simplicity, he's a desperate ruffian.

Ped. I seem such a desperate fellow to him! Dear me, of the four men here let one depart, and leave three, and one of the three leave two, and one of the two one; and that one leave half himself; and that half his half; and that quarter his half, till it comes to *nil:* it would still be nilly willy with me.

[*Exit guarded by Alguazils.*

Gil. Manuel,
The Alguazils are gone.

Man. Now for it then.

Gil (*appearing*). God save this noble company.

All. Gil Perez!

Gil. Be not alarm'd; I have but a few words
To say to one of you, this Juan Baptista.

Judge. Holloa! my guards!

Man. Judge, never strain your throat,
Unless you would be answer'd by such guards
As waited on you yesterday.

Judge. Is this the way that I, and, in my person,
That justice is insulted?

Gil. Nay, my lord,
You least of all should tax a criminal

Who so punctiliously respects yourself,
And the realm's Justice in your belly lodg'd,
That not to waste you in a vain pursuit,
He waits on you himself.

Judge. Impudent man!
And this before that most illustrious lady
Your treachery has render'd brotherless;
And who with daily prayers—

Gil. And 'tis for this—
That she may hear my vindication
Ev'n from the very lips that made the charge,
And cease an unjust persecution,
Unworthy of her noble name and blood,
That I am here. For, madam, if I prove
That Don Alonso in fair duel slew
Your brother, and without my treacherous help,
Or any man's, would you pursue us still?

Leonor. No, sir; for though the laws of duel are
For men alone, I know enough of them
To pardon all that was in honour done,
Ev'n to my cost. Prove what you say you will,
And Don Alonso may take sanctuary
In my own house against myself and all.

Gil. 'Tis nobly said. On this I take my stand:
And since 'tis general and accepted law

That what a witness first shall swear, and then
Forswear, stand for no evidence at all,
Stand forth, Juan Baptista ;
Here is your deposition ; I will read it
Before the very Judge you swore it to,
And before this great lady, and do you
Substantiate or deny it point by point.

Judge. Audacity !

Gil (*reading*). In the first place you swear,
That, "As luck fell, you were behind a tree
"When the two gentlemen came out to fight."
Say, is this true ?

Bapt. It is.

Gil. "And that they fought
"Hand to hand fairly, until suddenly
"Gil Perez, rushing from a thicket, sided
"With Don Alonso." Now, bethink you well ;
Is this the truth, Baptista ?

Bapt. Yes. I swear it.

Gil. Infamous liar ! (*Shoots him with a pistol.*)

Bapt. (*falling*). Heav'n have mercy on me !

Gil. My lord, you must another murder add
To my black catalogue. Come, Manuel,
We must away while we have time. Farewell.

[*Exeunt* GIL *and* MANUEL.

Judge. By the most sacred person of my king,
I swear to punish this audacity,
If it should cost my life.

Bapt. Oh, listen, lady ;
While I have breath to speak. I'm justly slain.
I tried to swear Gil Perez's life away
To gain his sister ; he has told you true :
In fair and open duel, hand to hand,
Was Don Diego slain. Oh let my death
Atone for this, and my last dying words
Attest it. (*Dies.*)

Enter the Alguazils with PEDRO.

Alg. We heard a pistol, and returned, my lord, to see.

Judge. It was Gil Perez ; that is his work. (*Pointing to* BAPTISTA.)

Ped. There, said I not the truth ?

Judge. He must not escape ; after him ! As to this fellow here, who is plainly in his secrets, let two Alguazils keep guard upon him here, lest he do further mischief; the rest come with me.

Ped. What crime have I committed ? Did I not tell you, my lord, he would come, and did he not come ?

Judge. Peace, traitor ! Come, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Pass in the same Mountain—firing and shouting heard; after which, enter* ISABEL *and* JUANA *on a platform of rock above the stage.*

Isab. That arquebuss! of which only the thunder
Has reach'd us of perhaps some deadly bolt
On one of those we love!
Why tarry they so long? What think you, Juana?
Jua. Oh what, but share your fears!
Isab. Let us descend,
And learn the truth at once; better at once
To die, than by this torture.

(*As they are about to descend, enter to them suddenly* GIL PEREZ *and* MANUEL.)

Gil. Wait!
Isab. My brother!
Jua. Manuel!
Gil. They are coming; hide we here;
There is no time—

Enter Judge, LEONOR, *Alguazils, &c.*

Judge. After them! after them!

By Heav'n, this mountain-top shall be the scaffold
On which the wretch shall expiate his crimes.
Two thousand scudi for the man who brings,
Dead or alive, Gil Perez !

Gil (*appearing above*). By the Lord,
You rate me cheap, my lord ; I'll set you higher—
I say four thousand scudi for the Judge,
Alive or stuff'd !

Judge. There he is ! Fire ! (*Alguazil fires and wounds* GIL.)

Gil (*falling*). God help me !

Judge. Yield.

Gil (*struggling*). I've an arm left yet.

Alg. He'll fight when dead.

Judge. Away with him ! (*Judge and Alguazils carry off* GIL.)

Man. (*struggling with* JUANA). Leave hold of me, I say.

Jua. Oh ! Manuel !

Isab. Oh ! my brother !

Man. Let me go,
Or I will dash you headlong with myself. (*He rushes down,* ISABEL *and* JUANA *after him.*)

SCENE III. *Same as* SCENE I.—PEDRO *discovered guarded by two Alguazils.*

Ped. Shots and shouting! They must be at work. Perhaps you gentlemen will wait, while I go and see.

Alg. Be quiet, or two bullets—

Ped. Oh, one would be enough, thank you. Well, if I mustn't go, will you two gentlemen? and leave me to wait for you? I'm quite indifferent.

Alg. We leave you not an instant or an inch.

Ped. Were ever guards half so polite! Sure, I must be a holiday to be so strictly kept.

Alg. Hark! They are coming.

Enter Judge and Alguazils with GIL, *a cloak thrown over him.*

Judge. Where is the other prisoner?

Alg. Here, my lord.

Judge. March on with us.

Alg. 2. My lord, this man will faint with loss of blood and weariness.

Judge. Halt then, and let him breathe awhile.

(*They uncover* GIL, *and* PEDRO *sees him.*)

Ped. I might have guessed it! Let me be in the

bilboes, on the very scaffold, he must be with me : he will die on purpose to lie in the same grave with me, I think !

Gil. Whose voice is that ?

Ped. Nobody's.

Gil. Pedro ? Courage, my poor boy. My day is over. Oh, vanity of mortal strength !

Judge. But who are these ?

Enter DONNA LEONOR, *with* ISABEL, JUANA, *and Servants.*

Leonor. I, Donna Leonor, who, falling in
With these sad ladies, do repent me much,
That, mis-directed by a lying tongue,
I have pursued this gentleman—I doubt
To death—if not, I charge you from this moment
Leave him at liberty.

Isab. Or else—

Enter suddenly MANUEL *and* DON ALONSO, *and Followers.*

Alon. Or else,
Look to it.

Gil. Don Alonso ! whom I thought
Far off upon the seas ?

Alon. And should have been,
But when my foot was on the very plank
That rock'd upon the foam along the beach,
I, who could never get you from my heart,
And knew that you had come to peril hither,
Could but return once more to him who sav'd
My life, though he had wav'd me from his side.
Enough ; I am in time. I tell you, sir,
Give up this man at once. (*To the Judge.*)
Judge. Not for you all !
Alon. Then at him and his people !

(ALONSO, MANUEL, *and their people rush on the Judge, Alguazils, &c., disarm them, and beat them out.*)

Alon. (*embracing* GIL). My friend is free.
Gil. And what first use shall make
Of freedom ?
Ped. Why, turn Friar ; you can then
Be free and easy too, and leave me so.
Oh, sir, have I not had enough of terror,
Exile, and hunger, to deserve your pardon ?
Plead for me, Don Alonso.
Alon. Gil—
Gil. Nay, nay,

What could you seem about to ask of me
But granted ere 'twas said ? Go. I forgive you.
With which magnanimous forbearance now
Gil Perez, the Gallician, makes his bow.

"Thus ends," says Calderon, "the first part of the *hazanas notables* of Luis Perez," whose name I have, for sundry reasons, (and without offence to the hero, I hope,) changed to *Gil*. He was "a notorious robber," says Mr. Ticknor, a kind of Spanish Rob Roy perhaps ; at all events, one whose historical reality is intimated by greater distinctness of character than is usual in these plays. Of such gentry examples are never wanting in Spain, where so little alters to this day ; witness the career of the famous José Maria, quite lately ended ; and who, I read in a book of Travels, was, like Gil, a farmer, for his first calling ; a most merciful robber when he took to his second ; and who performed Gil's feat of confronting, if not a Judge, a Prime Minister in his own den.

Gil perhaps had better have "played his pranks" (as Fuller says of Robin Hood) in prose ; but he was a lawless fellow, and blank verse lay in his way. Those who think his style altogether too heroic for a country robber, will at least find my version more than excused by the original.

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